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SEHNSUCHT AM MEERE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

I sit upon the terrace by the sea,
And feel the large calm of the starful night;
The wind sings thro' the canvas restfully,
And the dim waves grow white,
What time the Moon, like pale somnambulist abroad,
Walks thro' the quiet sky, and waking dreams of God.

With dimpled hands and shy, the Hebe-waves
Lift to you Jove-like crag a foamy cup,—
With dimpled feet and shy, from nameless graves
Untold,—they rustle up
The cool, gray sand, with weed and tinted shell o'erstrewn,
Where God's eternal Wisdom broodeth vast and lone!

The scene a lambent aureola hath,—
The splendor of the pale somnambulist
Falls from her shining feet, and paints a path
Athwart the ocean-mist,
Making strange isles of light amid the purple gloom,
And bidding Night's dark soil in silvery blossoms bloom.

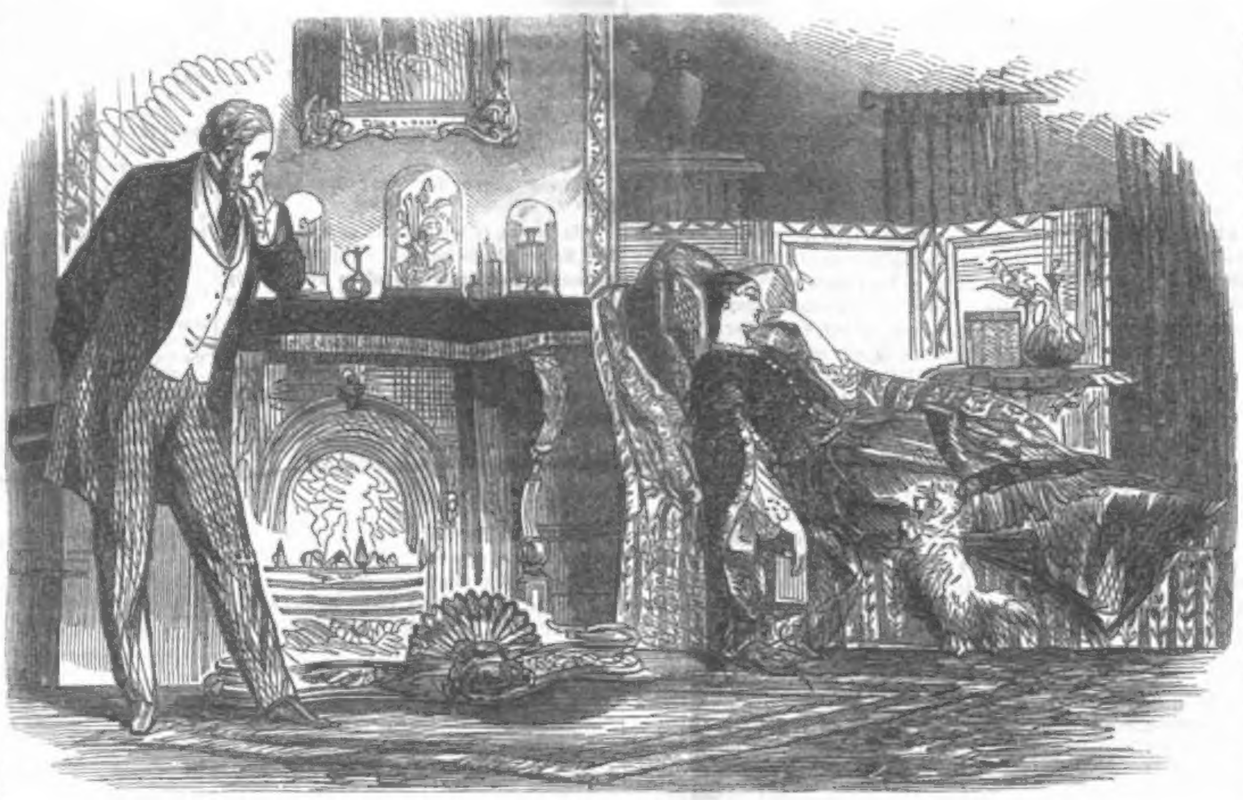
O balm down-dropping from the open sky!
O briny breath of the far-reaching sea!
What blessed influences from on high,
Your presence brings to me;
Lifting the weary weight of care from off my heart,
And rending, for the time, these mortal chains apart.

Proudly, exultingly, my soul soars out—
Bathing its pinions in the still moonlight,
Sweetly forgetful that some arrow-doubt,
To-morrow, stays its flight—
Speed on! soar up! poor, eager, longing soul of mine—
Speed on! soar up! and own this liberty divine!

But hark! some bell in the green-lichened tower,
(Its head wind-kissed, waved-kissed its mossy feet—)
Given to the flat'ning Night the dying hour,
In rhythm and but sweet,
Which, as of some rich chain the separate, silver links,
Falls to the shining sea and in its bosom sinks.

The stars are hidden in the cloud-girt West,
The spirit of the deep is troubled sore—
I fold my robe more closely 'round my breast,
And rise to dream no more.
No more! no more!—the night blows chill, the sea-birds scream,
I wake dew-drenched,—the dawn, at hand,—the sea, a dream!

Philadelphia.



CLIFFORD RENOUNCES REGINA.

REGINA;

OR, THE BIRTHRIGHT.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER VII.

You came into my tent with friendly greeting,
Of all my joys you had the better part—
Then, when our eyes and hands were oftenest meeting,
You struck me to the heart.

No less a murderer that your victim, living,
Can face the hollow world, and jest, and smile—
No less a traitor for your show of giving
Your "friendship" all the while! M. B.

It is one of the most unbearable feelings on earth—that of *being left!* Regina looked very sadly around the study, and pushed away Ruth's chair, and Ruth's cup and plate, with a heavy sigh.

"My morning is likely to be a pleasant one," she said, half pettishly, as she rang the bell for the dumb waiter.

"No Ruth—no Clifford—no play—no work—heigho! What a very useless thing a human being is when left entirely to himself, or herself, as the case may be!"

Breakfast came, and over it and a new book, she partly forgot her trouble. The day wore away, but Clifford did not appear at the appointed time. It was long after luncheon when the faithful Prudence heard his knock at the door. Regina, lonely and listless, was stretched out upon her sofa by the fire, when he entered, and did not rise—she only lifted her hand over her head, and said, without looking at him,

"How do you do? You are very late, and I detest people who are not punctual. As I do not feel inclined to talk to you just at this moment, you may sit down in the corner, and do penance, if you like, for not coming sooner!"

Not for worlds would Clifford have touched that white hand. He moved towards the sofa, and leaning against the mantel-piece, looked gloomily into the fire, without answering her.

"Oh, you will not speak!—your dignity is hurt, I suppose, by my off hand greeting! Very well—keep silence! I tell you frankly, I am in a bad humor, and we shall only quarrel if you open your lips."

"I do not doubt that!"

She looked at him curiously, then yawned and closed her eyes. He shifted his position, and turning his head on his hand, gazed down on her.

How beautiful she was—lying carelessly there, beneath the crimson shawl Prudence had thrown over her, like some dark, bright flower, drooping on its stem. He thought of Helen Erlinford's words, which Charlemount had repeated to him one day. "Crimson and gold are the only colors for Regina." They were true: they painted both her inner and her outer nature better than any others could have done. Fire and passion breathed from every lineament of that noble face; fire and passion nestled under the lids of the closed eyes; fire and passion glowed in every movement of the now quiescent form! What had he to do with a woman like this? How could he, for one moment, have expected her to become the gentle, yielding wife, the home-loving, home-keeping fairy; the tender and devoted mother? Pshaw! This fierce, leaping flame was not the steady light of the household hearth he had wished to kindle;—this passionate, hot heart would never have been content to merge itself in his. Power, and pomp, and luxury—these were for the dark daughter of the earth, and these he could not have given her, [illegible] what was the cruel pang that was with which he recalled him. Languid as she looked now, had she not been instinct with love and tenderness last night? Coldly as she greeted him, had she not parted warmly with Charlemount?—nay, what was a far more bitter thought, had she not parted almost as warmly with himself not half an hour previous? Poor deluded fool that he was! He uttered an exclamation of rage and grief. Regina heard it, and opened her eyes widely.

"What is the matter, Clifford?"

"You ask?"

"Most certainly I do! Why are you looking at me in that strange way? One would think you were a judge and I a criminal, and that you were about to put on a black cap and pronounce sentence of death on me at this moment."

"Ha! Your conscience is stirring, I see, else you would never have thought of that comparison!"

"My conscience!" she said, assuming a sitting posture, and looking at him haughtily. "Will you explain that speech, Clifford? There is room for you on the sofa, if you like!" and she gathered up the crimson drapery, and heaped it in a glowing mass upon the pillows behind her. "Sit down, and tell me what is the matter?"

"I do not wish to sit beside you, Regina."

"Very well! Stand then!"

"More—I never wish to sit beside you again; nor do I ever mean to do so!"

A deep flush stained her cheek, and her eyes flashed for an instant on him.

"Ah! I perceive work lies before us! Well, go on! Don't mince matters! Speak out freely what you wish!"

"I will! There have been certain promises between us, Regina!"

"Yes."

"I wish to give back all yours—to claim my own again!"

She grew white, and rising suddenly, filled a glass from the table with water, and drank it. He watched her with a smile. It soothed his wounded pride to see that mute token of her love for him. The smile had not vanished when she came back, and, leaning against the sofa, stood prepared to hear all he had to say.

"Did you understand me, Regina?"

"Yes. You wish to be free again. Well, I free you!" and she made a passionate gesture with her hand. "Leave me as soon as you like; I will never trouble you more!"

"On my part, I resign all claim to a lady so fair and," he added, with a sneer, "so *very* kind!"

"Thank you!" she answered, steadily raising her eyes to his. "And, now that no ties bind us, tell me what those last words mean?"

"Ask the Earl!"

"Who?"

"The Earl of Charlemount! Surely I need not designate him more plainly!"

"What have I to do with him?"

He gave a low, insulting laugh, that made her turn crimson, and took up his hat as if to go. She made a step forward, and stood in his way.

"Mr. Clifford, I do not know what an Englishwoman will stand, but I can tell you that a Frenchwoman is not to be insulted with impunity! Out of this room you do not stir till I know what has changed you so?"

"As you choose. But I hardly think it will be pleasant for you to hear the tale from my lips."

"Out with it!"

"Well, then, your companion it was very late when I left you last evening."

"Only half past eleven."

"I stayed beyond my usual time. You urged me once or twice to go, but you smiled so sweetly when you spoke, that I was, as it were, compelled to stay. You were not wise in doing so, Regina!"

"I begin to believe it. But, I shall offend in that way no more."

"Not with me! And, if I may advise you in such a delicate matter, you will do well never to give the Earl an equally good chance of finding out what (however closely it may concern him,) it cannot add to his peace or happiness to know."

"Keep to your story, and wait till I ask your advice!"

"No doubt you understand these little matters better than I. Well, to go back to my tale. After I left you—after you gave me that last kiss, which burns at this moment on my lips, though I would give worlds to forget it—I happened, as I often do, to take a fancy to watch your casement."

"Watch!"

"Rest easy. I certainly little expected to see—*what I did see!* I only walked up and down the lane, as I have often done before, feeling a kind of fanciful pleasure in guarding your house while you slept. I used to be foolish enough to think you must slumber more sweetly because I was near, though you knew it not."

"Go on—go on!" said Regina, hurriedly. "For heaven's sake don't talk of these things—of these feelings now! I am not yet marble or iron—and I cannot bear to hear them!"

"I do not wonder. Well, as I was watching the house and the moon, and thinking of all you had said and looked during the happy hours we had just spent together, I heard a slight noise in the garden. We heard it, you may remember, as we stood by the gate, and I proposed to ascertain what caused it. But you drew me back; you said it must be a stray cat."

"Yes!"

"If you had said a stray wolf, you would have hit the mark nearer. Oh, Regina, how fair, how false you women can be!"

"That is an old story. Every one has told it since the world began," she said, bitterly. "I am more interested in this new one. What did your stray wolf turn out to be?"

"The Earl!"

She started violently, but recovering herself the next moment, exclaimed,

"Kemble would not have spoken it more tragically. Pray go on!"

"Hearing this noise, I paused to listen. I thought I could distinguish voices. I came nearer. I heard a pebble thrown up against the window. I heard that window open softly—"

"Well?"

"I climbed up by the garden gate, and looked over through the branches of the elm—"

"And you saw Elizabeth, the housemaid, I suppose, giving the cold meat, through the pantry window, to a cousin, and perhaps exchanging a kiss with him at the same time."

"Kisses were exchanged, but not between Elizabeth and her cousin. The window was higher—it was yours, Regina!"

"Ah!"

"No wonder you turn pale!"

"What more did you see?"

"Something very trifling—hardly worth speaking about."

"Nevertheless, I should like to hear it!"

"A female figure stood at that window, helping the Earl in his ascent. That figure was tall and very slight; long, dark hair fell over its shoulders; it was singular how much it resembled yours. As for the cloak of sables, I have seen you wear one precisely like it a thousand times."

"The Earl entered this chamber?"

"He did!"

"For a moment or two, possibly?"

"On the contrary, he remained more than half an hour."

"And then?"

"The window opened, and he descended; not without a very fond embrace, however, from the lady, which I witnessed with peculiar pleasure, as you may well imagine. Her voice called him back; though it was but a whisper, I heard it well."

"Indeed! What did she say?"

"This. 'Oh, tell me when we shall meet again!' 'Then, 'Not to-morrow; but, oh, do not stay from me long! You must know that no one can supply your place, however devoted they may be!' A pleasant thing for me to hear, was it not?"

"Very! What did you do next?"

"I descended, and waited in the lane. Two strangers followed me. I sprang forward, and insisted on seeing this happy lover's face. He was so obliging as to grant my request; he doffed his hat, and made me a courteous bow—"

"And it was—"

"The Earl of Charlemount!"

"Then you parted, I suppose?"

"We did!"

"Peaceably?"

"Oh, yes! why should we do otherwise?"

"You went to your own home—he to his!"

"Quite right," replied Clifford, who was far too proud to show her what the discovery had cost him, or to tell her *how* he went to his lodgings.

Regina, having heard all, stood looking thoughtfully into the fire. Startling as was the story, she could yet understand it. Charlemount must have been the mysterious lover of Ruth—he must have met her on the previous night. Ruth had been very rash and imprudent in admitting him to her chamber; still she felt quite certain that nothing wrong had transpired. Yet *could* it have been Charlemount? Might not Clifford, already jealous of him, have mistaken the stranger's face? She inclined to this opinion. That Clifford had suffered more than he would allow, she saw plainly, and she was willing to forgive much of his injustice—was ready to give him an explanation as should clear herself, yet also preserve Ruth's secret and Ruth's reputation.

"Well!" said Clifford, who had been watching her face; "what have you to say?"

"Very much. In the first place, I think you were mistaken about the Earl. I am very sure it could not have been him."

"No doubt, I dreamed it all—from beginning to end, Regina!"

"Would you be glad to know that it was a dream—at least, so far as I am concerned?"

"Do you mean to tell me that you were not at that window?"

"I do."

"That you did not send me from you in order that he might make his exceedingly reputable visit to your chamber?"

"I do."

"I suppose, too, you will say that your meeting him in Paris was quite accidental?"

"It certainly was."

"He was not in Italy with you?"

"No."

"In Germany?"

"By no means."

"In the Landes, then?"

"Are you beside yourself, sir?"

"You must think me so, if you attempt to make me believe such assertions, after what I saw last evening!"

"You are jealous, and pained, and hurt; I do not wonder. But when I say to you that I have never in my life spoken one word to the Earl of Charlemount, will you believe me?"

"Upon your honor?"

"Upon my honor!"

He laughed bitterly.

"Is it possible that you doubt it?"

"What? Your honor? How can you fancy such a preposterous thing?"

A dark red flush ran to Regina's forehead—she passed her hand over her eyes in a bewildered way.

"Clifford, do you know what you are saying—do you know what you are doing? You are breaking my heart!"

It is strange how cruel we can be to what we love. As she said those words a kindred pang pierced his own breast but it only hurried him on to fresh insults. He tortured himself as he tortured her, and the pain and the agony only fed the rage he felt.

"How can that affect me?" he asked, carelessly. "With your heart I have nothing more to do. It is Charlemount's affair, not mine!"

She looked at him as a wounded deer looks at its murderer when the knife is at its throat.

"My God!" she murmured, with clasped hands. "This—this is what I have loved so much better than Thee!"

Clifford was silent. At last, in a more subdued tone, he said,

"I think all has been told that is necessary. Shall I go?"

"Wait—wait one moment. I have been called a proud woman—I suppose I am proud; yet I feel humble enough now. We must part—I know that, for you have uttered words that could never be forgotten, though they might be forgiven. But before you go let me hear you say that it was only in anger you spoke! Tell me that you do not really believe I am so utterly lost—"

Her voice faltered. But he would not speak.

"I am not asking an apology. But a parting like this will be so bitter—I cannot bear it! If you will not say it, Clifford, give me your hand; I shall know then that, after all, you feel in your heart that Regina was true!"

In spite of himself, his lip quivered, and she saw it.

"You love me still!" she cried. "Why will you pain me? Let us part friends!" and she laid her hand on his arm, and looked up at him with a smile so very pitiful to see on lips so proud as hers.

For one moment he wavered. It was hard to meet those eyes, and to look at that face—now, indeed, the very face of the picture he had destroyed—without casting all doubts to the winds, and clasping her to his heart once more. But the thought of Charlemount came, and he started, and shook off her hand.

"Regina, you mistake me! I do not love you! I cannot love a woman I do not respect!"

"You believe it all, then?"

"I do!"

"You think I met him abroad?"

"And that he was with you during all those months of pleasant travel—yes!"

"Once more—as there is a God in heaven who hears me, he was not!"

"Do not add perjury to falsehood, Regina!"

"Ah, well! go and leave me! I thought it would end in some such way, Clifford!"

"You had planned this pleasant little finale, then, to our intercourse?"

"What?"

"You were about to marry me, thinking me so conveniently blind, that the Earl—"

"Good heavens! are you going to insult me again—and *now?* In five moments we shall have looked our last on each other! Will you make your farewell word a taunt?"

"I will make it the *truth!*" said Clifford, who was utterly beside himself with grief and anger. "Good morning!"

His hand was on the lock of the door, when a cry broke from her lips, so full of bitter pain, that he paused. She was leaning against the sofa, with her hands clasped convulsively over her heart.

"Ah, you *can* feel—you *can* weep!"

"I am not weeping."

"What then?"

"Nothing that you need stay for. I felt my heart breaking—that was all!"

"Hearts only break in novels, my dear child!"

The old pet name, used as a taunt, was the last drop in her cup of misery.

"God forgive you, Clifford!" she exclaimed, and then coming beside him, she held the door open, and motioned him out. "Go!"

"It all ends here!" he said, looking back into the pleasant room, as Adam might have looked back into Paradise after the angel drove him out.

"It does!"

"And then shall you marry the Earl, Regina?"

A tremor ran over her from head to foot as she turned her white face towards him.

"I am at your mercy," she said, feebly; "but spare me! Strike no more blows! Go—go—before you kill me!"

He went. Before he reached the hall door he heard that of the study bolted and locked. He stopped and listened, but all was still as death. The heart might bleed and break, but it could do both silently!

Trembling with rage and anguish, Clifford rushed from the house. Prudence opened the gate for him, but shrank back, with a little cry of dismay, when she saw the pallor of his face, and the fire of his wild blue eyes.

"You have been breaking the poor child's heart," she exclaimed.

"I hope so!" was the savage reply.

And springing into a cab, he gave the order, "To Charlemount House!" and dashed away, leaving Prudence quite aghast with horror and grief.

"What has she done to him that he should speak like that?" she murmured to herself, as she fastened the bolt. "I will go to her—*perhaps I may comfort her.*"

She hurried in and knocked at the study door. No one answered—she tried to open it—but it was locked. Then she understood the whole; and lifting her muslin apron to her eyes, she turned sorrowfully away.

"Alas! that such creatures as men should be allowed to abide on this beautiful earth!" she sighed. "It is to be hoped they will be repaid one day or another for all they make us suffer!"

It was not a very charitable wish, but a thoroughly natural one; and I am afraid others besides Prudence have uttered it ere now.

The cab flew down Piccadilly, through the gathering dusk, as if pursued by an evil spirit, rather than bearing one. Clifford looked, with aching eyes, at the long line of lights that stretched eastwards.

"Shall I never reach him!" he ground through his clenched teeth. "I shall go mad with this crawling pace! Oh, if he were but here beside me!—if only my hand was on his throat again, as it was last night! It would not be as soft an embrace as Regina—curses on her—gave to him at parting! Nothing—nothing but his heart's blood is going to wash out all this shame and misery of mine!"

The cab stopped suddenly, and the driver descending, looked in, rather apprehensively, at his passenger.

"Charlemount House, sir. Shall I knock?"

"You? No!—get out of my way!" exclaimed Clifford, flinging him a piece of gold, and darting up the steps. A solemn-looking porter barred the way.

"Very sorry, sir, but my lord is engaged."

"Who with?"

"He is at dinner."

"Alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then send up that card, with the message that the bearer must and will see him at once. Be quick about it."

A servant in livery came forward and took the note, and disappeared with great celerity, when he caught sight of Clifford's face. The porter was, evidently, ill at ease, and wondering who on earth the saucy stranger could be who dared send such a message to the Earl of Charlemount. Clifford took no notice of him; but, as the servant returned, he made a quick step forward.

"Well, can I see his lordship?"

"Yes, sir."

Clifford smiled, and followed him. The cabman, who watched his proceedings from the steps, now ventured a word of advice to the stout porter.

"You'd better be ready, my friend, in case of a 'scrimmage' up stairs. If you want a policeman, just put your head out of the door—I'm a going to wait till I see the end it. A man doesn't give a half a sovereign for a two-shilling piece, unless he's as mad as a March hare—that's my opinion!"

Having expressed it, he retreated, and slipping the nose-bag over his horse's head, walked up and down the pavement in front of the house, like an amateur patrol. The porter shut the door with an air of intense disgust.—A "scrimmage" in Charlemount House, and a

cabman acting as special constable! What was this world coming to?

The Earl was not alone. Howe had been hastily summoned, and with him came a lawyer's clerk, who had just arrived, bearing some deeds and bonds for Charlemount to sign. He spread them quickly on the table before him, so that, as Clifford entered, he saw parchment, grapes, and wine mingled in strange confusion on the board; while the young clerk stared at him with wide open mouth and eyes, and Howe took up his post behind his master's chair, evidently ready to die in his defence, if necessary. He stopped short as the Earl rose, and turned towards him.

"If my memory serves me right, it is nearly four—nay, five months, since Mr. Clifford entered this room. To what may I attribute the pleasure of his company now?"

"My lord, what I have to say to you cannot be said in the presence of witnesses."

"I am sorry to hear it," was Charlemount's courteous reply. "Perhaps you will consent to waive that objection; as matters stand between us, I prefer having them present!"

"Are you afraid of me?" asked Clifford, tauntingly.

The red blood flushed all over the Earl's face, and his hand clenched involuntarily at the insult. But he controlled himself with a great effort, and answered, haughtily,

"I am not afraid of you, Mr. Clifford! May I beg you to proceed?"

"I have to thank you, I suppose, for my safe arrival at my lodgings last evening?"

"You are quite welcome to any assistance I may have given."

"No doubt! I also have to thank you for opening eyes that have long been closed—for showing me that—that—Re—"

"I advise you to mention no names."

"By heaven! do you dare to dictate to me? Do you dare to tell me how to name her whom you have rendered unfit to be named by honorable men?"

"Take care, sir!" said the Earl, turning very pale. "Do not go too far! I warn you that my patience has a limit!"

"I hope it has—I trust it has!" cried Clifford, coming up to him. "Tell me how to go beyond that limit?"

"One step farther, sir!"

"I will take it. Lord Charlemount, you are a coward and a villain! You have stolen from me the only thing that made life worth the living—"

"I own it!" said the Earl, looking at him. "And if I bear with you to-day as I would bear with no other man on earth, it is because my conscience tells me that I have no right to lift my hand against you, since I have wronged you *far more deeply than you know!*"

These last words drove Clifford mad with rage.

"You own it! You dare—and to me!" he cried, hoarsely. "Can I not rouse you in any way? Will you avenge *that*, Lord Charlemount?"

He struck him full in the face, and the next instant would have been laid prostrate at his feet by an answering blow, had not Howe sprang forward and caught his master's arm, while the attorney's clerk performed the same good office in Clifford's behalf.

"Let me go, Howe! Did you not see him strike me?" gasped Charlemount. "Out of my path, I tell you!"

"Action for assault and battery, my lord," cried the clerk.

Clifford shook off his grasp, and drew a brace of pistols from his breast.

"I thought these would be needed. They are small, but they will do their duty well. Choose one!"

Charlemount took one mechanically, and watched him as he went around and locked the door.

"Is it your purpose to fight here?"

"It is!"

"Very well; I have no objection. Howe, and you, Mr. Griffiths, bear witness, if anything serious happens, that I was forced into this. Not one word from either of you—it is too late now. Where shall I stand, Mr. Clifford?"

"Where I can best shoot you through the heart! There, by the table!"

The Earl shrugged his shoulders. Of mere physical courage he had plenty, and something in the intense hatred of his opponent stirred the savage nature up within his breast. He took the place assigned him. Howe sprang towards the bell, but Clifford intercepted him.

"Utter one word—make one sound, and you are a dead man! This is a revolver which I hold, and has more than one charge."

"Mr. Clifford," said the Earl, "before we begin, I beg to say that the window on your right opens into a private walk. At its end you will find the stables. A swift horse is always saddled there. In case of your killing me, you may need it—it is at your service. If I am unhappy enough to kill you, I shall avail myself of it. The survivor will have plenty of time to get clear. Howe, you are not to unlock that door for five minutes after we have fired. Do you hear?"

"Yes, my lord!" groaned poor Howe.

"See that you obey. Now, Mr. Clifford, I am ready."

Each took his place at one end of the room.

"Count, my lord!" said Clifford, smiling with savage exultation.

"One—two—*three!*"

Both pistols flashed and exploded simultaneously. Charlemount fired in the air; but Clifford aimed straight at him. The ball did its mission; a deadly faintness came over him, and he sank into Howe's arms.

"Quick!" he whispered, as Clifford bent over him with a strange feeling, so utterly opposed to his hatred of the moment before, that it seemed almost like love. "I do not think you have done for me, but you have no time to lose. Save yourself!"

His eyes closed; Clifford looked at him sadly for a moment, but a sudden rush of feet on the staircase warned him to escape, and he sprang from the window and dropped into the shrubbery-walk beneath. Quick as lightning the attorney's clerk closed the casement after him; and when the crowd of domestics, policemen, and street passengers forced their way at last into the apartment, the Earl was reviving, two pistols were lying on the floor, and the room was full of smoke, but Clifford was nowhere to be found.

Of this strange duel, and the commotion it caused throughout the metropolis, Regina, its exciting cause, was entirely ignorant. It was shrewdly suspected by Captain Tom Grosvenor and his immediate set, that she was, as they elegantly phrased it, "at the bottom of it all," and her name was on the lips of club room gossips, or whispered by matrons in the seclusion of their boudoirs to their intimate lady friends with an air of profound mystery. Even Helen Erlingford was dimly conscious that something strange had happened, when her mother checked her inquiry after Charlemount, little thinking, however, that it was but a veil to the information she wished, but dared not ask, of Clifford's whereabouts. Three prominent personages—nay, four had suddenly vanished from the eyes of London. Ruth, elevated by Regina's friendship into an object of great interest, had been suddenly and mysteriously spirited away, no one knew where, when, how or by whom. Clifford was wandering upon the Continent—the Earl of Charlemount, slowly recovering from the wound in his lung—and Regina, where was she? Shut up from curious eyes in her Brompton cottage, said Tom Grosvenor and the gossips. But they little knew *how*.

She was fully conscious that Clifford's desertion could be no secret to her household. It had been so open, so violent, so insulting, and so sudden, that they could not but understand it. No doubt they pitied her. That thought stung her more than all others. She, the proudest of all human beings—she, who had won hearts only to throw them carelessly away again for so many years—she, who had deserted so many, when the fancy seized her,—was Elizabeth the housemaid, was John the footman, was Betty the cook, to gossip now together over the misery that had come upon her, to watch her pale face and languid step, and compare notes from day to day as to her appetite, her looks, her manner? That, at least, could not be borne. There was a way of preventing it.

Poor Prudence, knocking for the sixth or seventh time at the study door, as night came on, was overjoyed at hearing the bolt shot back at last, and the key turned. She ran in, eager to soothe and comfort her nursling. But the words died upon her lips. Regina, looking more like a marble statue than a human being, stood near the fireplace, and motioned her back.

"Don't speak, if you please, Prudence. At least, only in answer to my questions. Where are the bear and buffalo skins I used sometimes during our roving days in Texas?"

"Up-stairs," said Prudence, sadly, for she had a presentiment of what was coming.

"Bring them down. Bring also with you a large measure of seed for the birds."

Prudence vanished. Regina employed herself in arranging the furniture of the study. The chairs were arranged against the book-shelves—the centre-table wheeled up in one corner, and the small carved stand put in its place, close to the sofa, and at one side of the fire. A little Chinese pipe, with a peculiarly-shaped bowl, was on this stand, also a silver box filled with a dark substance, strange in color, in taste and in smell. Prudence, returning laden with a pile of beautiful skins, looked at these things with anxious eyes.

"*My* dear Regina—"

"Not a word. I know all you would say. I will not touch the opium if I can help it, but you don't know how I suffer. There—put them down—I will arrange them myself."

With a practised hand, she spread a couch in the centre of the room, which a wearied hunter might well have coveted. Peter hopped along the floor with a pleased croak, Prince Charlie wagged his tail, and Dick, the grey cat, manifested his approbation by gravely marching over the furs, and coiling himself up in a round ball in the centre.

"I think they really recognize their old friends," said Regina, with a faint smile.—"Ah, Prudence! in those wild, free days of camp and bivouac, how little we thought when and where we should use these things again!"

"You will not be comfortable!"

"I shall sleep well here if I sleep at all, my dear old friend. But now listen. You know as well as I what has happened. Don't cry—tears will do no good now—they come too late. I have none to shed, at least just yet; but I think—I feel—oh! my heart aches, dear Prudence, and I must be alone—quite alone—for a time. Ruth is away, and there is no one else to come—"

Her voice trembled in spite of herself.

"You see that I am not yet quite strong enough to bear it as I ought to. Take care that no one comes near me. The kitchens and offices are on the other side of the house, and you have stairs leading from them to the sleeping rooms. Bolt and bar the hall door, and on no pretence let any one pass through this way, or cross the garden on this side."

"You shall be obeyed."

"Tell them to be good to Saladin. They are to leave the stable from twelve till two each day. I shall visit him them. Give them fully to understand that on no account is any servant to be in my way as I come and go; if I meet them they shall be discharged on the spot—for, through this time of my seclusion, I will not see a single human face, not even yours, dear Prudence."

"Well, my dear, if you wish it—"

"You may knock at the door three times a day, if you like, and I will answer you. My meals will come at their usual times, by the dumb waiter—the fire will not be allowed to go out—you must send up coals by the dumb waiter, too, and I shall be housemaid for a few days."

She smiled as she spoke, and looked so much more like her usual self, that Prudence ventured to say,

"You will find it all so sad, Regina."

"I hope you don't think I am making all these preparations simply to indulge in the luxury of being miserable. On the contrary, I am going to try to drive all this unusual softness out of my heart, and become once more what I was when I dashed through the wild West, and amused myself with the devotion of those enthusiastic Americans. I have been taking life much in earnest of late, and I wish to get back again into the old habit of making a jest of everything. A very sorry Regina I have made! When I come out of this den you will see a Regina in good earnest!"

"Shall I take Prince Charlie away?"

"No, poor little fellow, let him stay—let them all stay, if they like. I can let them out by the French window, if they wish to leave me. I think Peter will amuse me. I have often thought the bird was 'no canny,' and if so, he's just the companion I need at this time."

"Your dressing-case, Regina?"

"I brought it down myself; it is on the table. Don't concern yourself—I have all I need. If I wish for anything more, I will send down a note, and the dumb waiter. You quite understand about the servants?"

"Oh, yes."

"One thing more. At your peril let any one enter these gates who does not belong within these walls!"

Her cheeks burned and her eyes flashed as she said it. She fancied that the truant must return—this was the welcome she prepared for him!

"No one shall come, Regina."

"Very well. Go now, and take care of yourself. Don't be unhappy about me; I shall get over it soon. I am going to study Persian while I am shut up here."

She led Prudence gently into the hall, kissed her brown cheek, and going back, locked herself in. A fairer hermit never dwelt in a stranger cell!

A week passed by. No one had seen Regina's face in all that time. Prince Charlie and the grey cat sometimes took a "constitutional" in the grounds together at nightfall; but during the day they kept close to their silent mistress. Had they been human, they would probably have deserted her, seeing her in trouble; being what we, in our wisdom, are pleased to call "brutes," they clung to her more closely, and soothed and comforted her far better by their mute sympathy than a thousand words could have done. Even the little birds sang more sweetly when Regina listened through her tears, and Peter hovered about the sofa, eyeing her with a curious sidelong glance, and muttering things in her ear, which, from his anxious air, must needs have been wise saws peculiarly adapted to her especial distress.—Her bleeding heart turned back gratefully to these humble friends, and stanched its wounds with the earnest tokens of their love—the only love, after all, on earth, that never changes—never fails—never grows cold. The unhappy past seemed farther off and far less hard to bear, when the Arabian leaned his beautiful head upon her shoulder, or when Prince Charlie looked up in her face with eyes that seemed to say, "Tell me how to comfort you—tell me what to do for you!" Alas! I have often thought, "What would earth be without these dumb animals?—where should we look for sympathy when all human hearts fail us, if they were not here? Only in them can we discern some faint shadow of the Eternal love lavished upon us most, perhaps, when we are most unworthy—only in them do we see the unwavering fidelity with which we ought to respond to that touching tenderness! Is it not enough to make the proudest humble, to think that for such a lesson, we must look, not among human beings, but among the brutes?"

On the tenth evening, Prudence knocked lightly at the study door. Regina, standing at the open window, was watching the setting sun. Her face had got back its cold, proud look once more—her thoughts were turning again towards the stage. She was dreaming of a future, even more glorious and more triumphant than the past! It was a sign that the crisis was over—for when a heart, after knowing all that hers had known, turns for consolation to ambition, it is because it has for ever done with love!

Hearing the summons from the outer world, she walked across the room and unlocked the door.

"Am I to come in?" asked the delighted Prudence.

"If you like," said Regina, very quietly. And the next instant she was almost stifled in a close embrace.

"There, there—let me get breath!" she said, laughingly. "You are worse than a grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains!"

"Oh, my dear, I am so glad to see you once more! Ten days! it has seemed like ten ages! Let me look at you!"

Regina stepped back, folded her arms, and submitted. Prudence gazed long at the composed, haughty face, and shook her head.

"It is better as it is!" said Regina, answering her unuttered thought.

"Yes—I suppose so. But the opium?"

"You must forgive me for that. I could not let it alone. I used it nearly all. If you come nearer, you will see that I am as yellow as a saffron-bag!"

Prudence did not see it. The marble-like pallor of the face was unchanged. But one significant witness remained, and told mutely of the strife and anguish it had seen. On the fair white forehead—that had been so smooth when Clifford's lips had last touched it fondly—was a single line that seemed cut deep into the surface, as if the point of a dagger had been drawn across it. That one furrow on the brow of youth—how strange a thing it seemed! Tears came into the eyes of Prudence. Regina noticed her steady gaze, and going to the dressing table, looked into the mirror.

"Ah!"

That monosyllable was all she uttered; but neither of them ever alluded to the fatal mark again.

"You can clear these things away," she said, pointing to the couch of furs; "I shall need them no more. To-night you shall go to the theatre with me. I wish to speak to Mr. Irwin, the manager."

Prudence hesitated.

"Well, what is the matter with you?"

"Are you thinking of going on the stage again, my dear?"

"Yes."

"In England?"

"Yes."

"May I tell you something that has happened here in London? It may make a difference in your plan."

"If you wish."

"I shall have to mention a name—"

"No, don't do that!" said Regina, turning quickly away. "I cannot bear it just yet. I shall know who you mean without it."

"Well, then, my dear, you remember—that is, when he left us that evening, he went straight to Charlemount House."

"There must have been a scene worth witnessing!" said the actress, bitterly. "How did it end?"

"In a duel!"

"Where?"

"There—in the house!"

"Prudence, it could not be!"

"I repeat it. He forced it upon the Earl; it is even said that he struck him!"

"And then—"

"They fired over the dinner-table."

Regina's lips blanched, and she steadied herself by a chair.

"So near! And what of *him*?"

"He is safe!" exclaimed Prudence, terrified by her ghastly look. "The Earl fired in the air!"

"The brave fellow!"

"But Clif—"

"Stop!" she cried, shuddering all over at the half-uttered name.

"I did not mean it, indeed, Regina—I forgot. He shot the Earl through the right lung."

"Is the Earl dead?"

"No."

"Or going to die?"

"No; he is able to ride out now in a close carriage."

"Thank heaven for that! But where is *he*?"

"In France, or somewhere else abroad. The Earl helped him to escape! I suppose he will be coming back again now, since his lordship has been pronounced quite out of danger for the last four or five days."

Regina walked to the window, and stood leaning her head upon it, and looking out into the garden. By and by, she said in a low voice, "What did they fight about?"

Prudence laid down the furs she was arranging, and came to her side.

"Shall I really tell you?"

"Yes."

"About *you*, Regina!"

"Ah! Well—go on!"

"You must not be angry—"

"Go on!" said Regina, stamping her foot.

"Well, then, he accused the Earl of having wronged you!"

"Did he dare to mention my name?"

"He was going to do it, but the Earl stopped him. And the Earl fought as much to show the world that you had been slandered, as to revenge himself!"

"Who gave you *that* piece of news?"

"The Earl said so himself, and told one of his friends to say so for him in the clubs, when he was lying ill at home!"

"*He* slandered me—*he* accused me—*he* believed me to be the vilest of the vile, and a stranger punishes him for it!" said Regina, musingly. "Prudence, I should like to see the Earl."

"That is very easy!" said Prudence, who, for some cause or other, seemed strangely flattered by the speech.

"You should have sent to inquire after him as soon as you heard of this!"

"John went *every day*."

"That was well! I think I shall send a note this evening, and ask when he will be able to call on me! He is Alfred's brother, and in spite of that miserable letter, I will see him!"

"First look at this," said Prudence, producing a twisted note from her apron pocket. The actress tore it open, and read as follows:—

"REGINA,—Can you forgive my past folly, and looking upon me simply as the brother of a man who loved you dearly, admit me once to your presence? I pledge you my honor that I will not utter a word you would not wish to hear. CHARLEMONT."

"When did this come?"

"I——To-day."

Regina looked sharply at the little old woman, who was stammering and turning very red under her eyes.

"Who brought it?"

"My lord himself."

"Where did he go then?"

"Nowhere," said Prudence, in a subdued voice.

"What do you mean?"

"Promise first not to be angry with me!"

"I know it all! You disobeyed orders—you let him in!"

"Yes!"

"When did he go away?"

"He has not gone," was the rueful answer.

"What! Is Lord Charlemount in this house—under the same roof with me?"

"Listen, Regina," said Prudence, anxious to avert the coming storm. "It was only an hour ago that he came, and when I saw him so pale and weak, standing at the door, leaning on his servant's arm, I had not the heart to drive him away; so he came in. I have lit the fire in the drawing-room each afternoon, to air the place, and I took him there—only to rest, though—for I knew you would not see him. I went away for a little time, and when I came back the poor gentleman was sound asleep in his arm chair. His servant told me he had hardly closed his eyes for five nights, and I had not the heart to wake him."

"So he is sleeping there still?"

"Like a little child."

Regina could not help smiling. At the same time she felt a touch of pity at the thought of one whom she had last seen, strong, and gay, and happy, so reduced by weakness and pain, that he slept beneath her roof, as tranquilly as if he had been in his own chamber.

"Do not take the dressing-table away," she said. "And bring me something to put on in the place of this dressing-gown. It must be all black—not a thread of crimson about it. The velvet, I think, is quite plain?"

"You will see him!"

"Yes."

Prudence vanished as if she had wings, and in a little more than a quarter of an hour, Regina, dressed in what might be called her "weeds," crossed the hall and entered the drawing-room.

Howe, who was keeping watch and ward over his sleeping master, started when she opened the door and came forward to meet her with a profound bow.

"Is he awake?" she asked.

"Not yet, madam."

"Very well; I will wait. I am in no hurry. You can go."

He hesitated.

"My housekeeper will be happy to offer you some refreshment," she said, motioning him towards the door in a way he dared not gainsay. And he took his departure, muttering to himself, "Ah! my master knows well enough how to manage that poor fool of a Ruth, but this is another affair. If he marries her, it is not very hard to prophesy who will be the head of Charlemount House then!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

Let not our readers forget that we commence this new novelet, by Mrs. Wood, Author of "The Earl's Daughters," "Danesbury House," "The Red Court Farm," &c., in our next paper.

We ought to begin this new story with an extra edition of ten thousand names. "The Castle's Heir" is one of those powerfully written stories which hold the reader with a forty-magnet power from the commencement to the very close. Every reader of THE POST should send us at least *one* new subscriber as a reward for procuring him the pleasure of reading such splendid stories as these of Mrs. Wood's.

And yet, if any one sends us a *dozen*, we will not complain. Why should we? It will be for their good, for our good, for the paper's good—and, therefore, for the good of the country. The farmers have just got in a first-rate harvest—why should not we also?

FACT OR FABLE.

"Do not bring me history," said Sir Robert Walpole, "I *know* that to be a lie." We often think of this, when reading the numerous anecdotes that slide somehow into print relative to distinguished men. For instance, in a large volume of miscellaneous matter, the other day, we read an account of "Daniel Webster and the woodchuck." How a woodchuck was caught in the garden when Daniel was a boy—how his brother Ezekiel demanded that it should be killed as a constant depredator—and how Daniel pleaded eloquently for its life, till the stern "father" was affected to tears, and called out threateningly, "You Zeke, let that woodchuck go!" A very affecting and very probable story—containing, doubtless, about one part of fact to twenty of fiction.

And here is another piece of biography—which we publish, in order that some one who knows may inform us as to its truth or falsehood. It is of Stephen Girard, whose reputation of old in this city, was none of the best for deeds of generosity. The account before us says:—

Old Girard had a favorite clerk, and he always said "he intended to do well by Ben Lippincott." So when Ben got to be twenty-one, he expected to hear the *Governor* say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage. "I suppose I am now free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my course. What do you think I had better do?" "Yes, yes, I know you are," said the old millionaire, "and my advice is that you go and learn the cooper's trade."

This application of ice nearly froze Ben out, but recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest he would do so. "I am in earnest;" and Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated, and was ready to set up business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to the old man's counting-room. Old Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price. "One dollar," said Ben, "is as low as I can live by." "Cheap enough—make out your bill."

The bill was made out, and old Steve settled it with a check for $20,000, which he accompanied with this little moral to the story:—"There, take that, and invest it in the best possible manner, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you will have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living."

Now, if the above be true—and some one of our Philadelphia readers can probably say whether it is or not—we desire to stamp it as genuine biography; but if false, as we suspect, it should be nailed to the counter as counterfeit coin. Such anecdotes are very attractive, and there seem to be writers who have a special gift at inventing them—but, for our part, we think truth is an essential element of all true biography, and that even an unpleasant fact is better than a pretty falsehood.

Relative to Mr. Girard and the coopering business, we remember to have heard an anecdote which is probably considerably nearer the truth than the above. Mr. Girard once invited his head cooper to ride out with him the next Sunday, to see his farm, a few miles below the city. Mr. Cooper was mightily elated, to be sure, at the invitation, and when, on Sunday, the wealthy capitalist called at his door, in his shabby old gig, our master-mechanic was dressed up in his best. But his joy was destined to be of short duration. Before they started, Mr. Girard suggested to him that perhaps he had better throw his adze into the vehicle. Accordingly the adze was taken along with them, and when Mr. Cooper arrived at the farm, he was, after being shown over the place, politely invited into the cellar, where Mr. Girard kept him tightening hoops and fixing up old barrels for the remainder of the day.

If we are not mistaken, there are a good many anecdotes like the above, told of the great millionaire by gentlemen of the old school in this city—but authors seem to think that they would not look very well in a biography, and, of course, they never get there. And yet they should not be omitted, for they are necessary to the true portraiture of character. We always want a picture of the man as he was—not an idealized picture of what he might, could, would or should have been.

TOM TAYLOR'S OPINION.

Mr. "Tom Taylor"—who is Tom Taylor?—has recently edited a biography of Leslie, the artist. In the course of it he says:—

"In going through Leslie's recollections and correspondence, I have found myself often drawn to a comparison of him as a painter with his friend Washington Irving as a writer. I trace a good many points of resemblance between them, as in the hearty love of both for the nearer past of English life and manners—their unaffected sensibility to the graceful and refined in woman, and to the domestic affections—their genial relish for the humorous in character, with a not unkindred appreciation of the pathetic—their *genuine Anglicism of sentiment and spirit*—Americans as both were by blood; and lastly, by their ever present good taste in treating every subject they took in hand. ☞ *It may seem not a very high place in art to claim for Leslie which sets him on a level with Washington Irving in literature. But Leslie loved Irving so well and admired his works so heartily, that I am sure Leslie would not complain of the parallel.*" (1)

Probably not, Mr. "Tom Taylor." Probably Mr. Leslie would not complain of being put aside for posterity on the same shelf with Washington Irving. Mr. Tom Taylor evidently has a rather mean opinion of Mr. Irving's literary performances—which gives us a rather mean opinion of Mr. Tom Taylor's judgment. Mr. Tom Taylor has a right to his opinions, and other people have a right to guage Mr. Tom Taylor by his opinions. Guaging him in this way, we seem to understand why he is called "Tom" instead of Thomas—he is probably called "Tom" for shortness: his friends not liking to waste too much breath upon him.

ADULTERATED LIQUORS.

Our liquor dealers would do well to bear in mind that a law was passed during the last session of the Legislature, making the proof of impurity or adulteration a bar to the recovery of any claim for the sale of liquors. If the prevailing impression be correct, that there is scarcely any pure liquors on sale anywhere, it will be rather a dangerous thing to sell spirituous liquors on a credit hereafter. Any one who wants to raise a few hundred or thousand dollars, has nothing to do but buy a lot of liquors on credit, and then have their purity tested by experts. If they should prove to be "*impure, vitiated*, or *adulterated*," the seller cannot enforce the payment of his "little bill" in any court of this commonwealth.

This seems to be a pretty desperate remedy, but then it is for a very desperate disease. The man who puts poison in the drink of thousands, not only deserves to lose his money, but to be set to hard labor in the penitentiary besides.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The youthful heir-apparent of the British Crown seems to be making a very favorable impression among the loyal subjects of the Queen on this side of the Atlantic. At a festival the other evening, he "danced all night, till broad *daylight*," and, for all we know, "went home with the girls in the morning." This visit to the new world is admirably adapted to enlarge the young Prince's views of men and things. When he comes this side of the Canadian line, he probably will be astonished to find that Republicans look and behave so very much like other men, and that so many of them "love a lord" as well as any "Britisher." If he does not carry home with him a favorable impression of his Yankee cousins, it will not be owing, we predict, to any lukewarmness in his reception. As the representative of the royal family of England, he is entitled to, and will receive, the utmost courtesy in America—the only danger being that he will be "killed with kindness."

THE TORNADO DISPENSATION.—This has been a remarkable year for tornadoes, though Philadelphia, so far, we are happy to say, has escaped from any visitation of the kind. A small member of the tornado family came very near us, however, on the afternoon of Thursday, July 26th. A large and well constructed edifice recently erected on the other side of the Delaware, on Cooper's creek, was simultaneously struck by lightning and by a whirlwind—and in less than a minute a large portion of it was a wreck. Three men were killed, and three wounded. The building was designed for a vitriol factory, but the machinery had not yet been introduced. The tornado is estimated to have been about a square in breadth. Although what they would call out West "only a one-horse concern," it was quite as large and powerful a specimen as the people of either New Jersey or Pennsylvania have any desire to see. We willingly acknowledge our inferiority in these affairs to the great prairie levels of the West, where the wind blows a gale even when "it does not blow at all," and congratulate ourselves upon the uneven surface and the numerous forests to which, we suppose, we owe our usual pleasant exemption from such wonderful and destructive phenomena.

In the Convention for forming the Constitution of the United States, it was proposed that titles should be given to the high officers of the Government, and the proposition met with favor. The discussion of the subject had gone on for some time, when Dr. Franklin arose with great apparent gravity, and remarked—"That as this matter seemed to be seriously entertained, and might be carried, he had to suggest one title which would be new and appropriate—it was a title for the Vice President—and it was—'His Most Superfluous Highness!'" There was not much more said about titles after this.

The above was very fair as a jest—but, as the result has proved, not marked by Franklin's usual sagacity. The Vice President is far from being "his *most superfluous* highness." The cases of John Tyler and Millard Fillmore have fully proved the necessity of such an officer—and the danger there would be in electing incompetent men to fill the post, on the ground of its "superfluous" character.

THE WAVE LINE PRINCIPLE.—We see it stated that the following question was recently put to one of the officers of the Great Eastern by a visitor: "I have read, sir, that the Great Eastern was constructed on the wave-line principle; will you have the kindness to tell me what is the wave line principle?" "Upon my soul," answered the officer in gay uniform, "I don't know."

As many of our readers may be as ignorant as the officer in question, will some one who does know tell us, in plain language, what the wave line principle really is. We once read an explanation of it, which has left us in a state of profound uncertainty ever since.

DANESBURY HOUSE.—For the information of those who would like to have this excellent story in a more enduring shape, we may state that it has been published in book-form, by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, of New York.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A JOURNEY IN THE BACK COUNTRY. By FREDERICK LAW OLMSTEAD, author of "A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States," &c. Published by Mason Brothers, New York, and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

MEMORIALS OF THOMAS HOOD. Collected and edited by his Daughter. With a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with copies from his own Sketches. Two volumes. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

HISTORY, THEORY AND PRACTICE OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH. By GEORGE B. PRESCOTT, Superintendent of Electric Telegraph Lines. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for August. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

THE WOOD RANGERS, OR THE TRAPPERS OF SONORA. By Capt. MAYNE REID, author of "The Ship Hunters," &c. Published by R. M. De Witt, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

EPIGRAM.

Ah, Fribble's dead! No sighing—
May the buzzards spare his bones!
For his having lived, his dying
In a large degree atones.

☞ Too many of our modern poets sing of little else than their own personal sufferings. They mix up their maladies and their melodies.

☞ The New Orleans Sun relates a humorous story of a well-dressed and genteel-looking person, who was curious to see the giraffe, and who stepped up to the man what takes the money with: "Is the giraffe to be seen here?" "Yes, sir." "I want to see him." "Very well, sir." "It's fifty cents, isn't it?" "One dollar, sir; fifty cents for children and servants." "Well, I'm a servant." "You a servant?" "Yes, sir." "Whose?" "Yours, sir—your humble servant." "Walk in and take a seat."

☞ UNWISE LIBERALITY.—Some are unwisely liberal, and more delight to give presents than to pay debts.—*Sir P. Sidney.*

JULY BILLS.

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year,
When notes are due, and lengthy bills
Come in from far and near;
When "Here's a small account of yours."
Is whispered in your ear,
And "Won't you please to settle now?"
Is all the talk you hear.

☞ "Well, Jack, how is your brother getting along these times?" "First rate—got a good start—just married a widow who has nine children."

☞ In some experiments made at Turin, it was found that certain kinds of turf might enter into the composition of paper to the extent of from 80 to 90 per cent., and into that of mill board even to 95 per cent.

☞ CHESS PROBLEM.—John and Julia's problem, by Amator, to mate in two moves:

John moves his arm round Julia's neck,
She moves one square and whispers check;
He, nothing daunted, moves right straight
His lips to hers, and calls out mate!

SOLUTION.

Poor Julia yields to love's constraints;
Sighs, blushes, palpitates and faints.

☞ SMILES.—A man's smiles should be like fruit on a high limb. People lightly value what they get without pain. If diamonds could be picked up among the pebbles of our brooks, who would wear them for ornaments?

☞ The Chicago Zouaves, to inure them to the hardships of war, are drilled with bricks in their knapsacks; but under no pretence whatever are they allowed to partake of liquor. Herein their practice greatly differs from that of most other companies. The generality of militiamen are drilled with bricks in their hats.

☞ A friend of ours is near-sighted. At one of the ferries, the other day, he read a sign which struck him as very good and very appropriate. In fact, he approved of it so much that he read it aloud: "Beware of Politics." It was such a mistake as any near-sighted man might make. The true reading was, "Beware of Pickpockets."

☞ On the east coast of Scotland, in Fifeshire, is a petrified forest. Part of the trunks of some 11 or 12 trees stand there as hard as a rock.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

THE FALSE DAUPHINS.

PART SECOND.

PARIS, July 6, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

The life and doings of the problematical individual who figured before Europe for so many years, under the titles of Duke of Normandy, and Baron de Richemont, as the son and heir of the ill fated Louis XVI., is by no means the least curious of the many odd things already consigned to the safe-keeping of the records of Courts of Justice and the pages of history.

Of the parentage, birth, childhood and education of this remarkable impostor, so like the best portraits of the unfortunate king whose legitimate heir he claimed to be, that an old friend of mine who saw him once in London, declares the resemblance in face, figure and air to have been "wonderfully striking," nothing is known. He first appears on the scene of European affairs on the 12th of April, 1818, when the Austrian police arrested near Mantua a young man, apparently a Frenchman, who styled himself Louis Charles de Bourbon, and who stated that he was travelling "for his own instruction." Questioned respecting the name of Bourbon which he attributed to himself, he refused to answer the queries of the police, but placed in the hands of his examiners a letter addressed "*To His Imperial Majesty Only,*" which he desired might be forwarded at once to the Emperor, and which he said would explain to his Majesty who he was. From this letter, and from other papers found upon his person, it appeared that this individual claimed to be Louis Charles de Bourbon, Duke of Normandy, the rightful heir to the throne of France. The pretended Duke was immediately sent to the prison of Milan.

The history of this pretender, written by himself, is one of the most curious tissues of absurdities ever put together; another memoir of him, almost as absurd, was subsequently published by a certain Claravali del Curso, one of his most strenuous partisans, under the title of "Life of Monseigneur the Duke of Normandy."

In his biography, Claravali makes the pretended son of Louis XVI. relate, with great fulness of detail and a very suspicious lucidity of memory, the various incidents of the life and childhood of the Dauphin. He describes the sufferings he endured in the terrible prison of the Temple; and favors the world with the narrative, unknown to history, of the subsequent adventures of the illustrious prisoner. According to these memoirs, the wife of his jailor, Simon, to whose charge he was especially confided, was gained over by the gold of the Prince of Conde, soon after the execution of Marie Antoinette, through the agency of two devoted emissaries—the Count de Frette, and Dr. Jenais Ojardias—sent to Paris by the Prince de Conde, for the express purpose of delivering the Dauphin from his detainers. The doctor, having contrived to introduce himself to the Simons, adroitly counselled them to make the young prisoner, for the benefit of his health, take daily exercise on a rocking-horse.

No such person as this "Doctor Ojardias," it is scarcely necessary to remark, is to be found in the biography so carefully and minutely prepared by M. de Beauchesne, and entitled "Louis XVII., his Life, Sufferings and Death;" but neither the Milanese prisoner nor his friend Claravali troubled themselves about any such discrepancies. According to Claravali, the municipal authorities and the head jailors, with whom Ojardias had contrived to ingratiate himself, yielded to the representations of Mme. Simon, who enjoyed their fullest confidence, and consented to allow the young captive to try the new kind of exercise recommended by the doctor. Ojardias accordingly caused a rocking-horse to be prepared, the body of which was large enough to contain a child of the size of the Dauphin, with an opening hidden under the horse-cloth, and plenty of breathing holes in various parts of the body and legs. The plan was kept a secret from the young Prince, the doctor supposing that there would be no difficulty in persuading him to let himself be delivered from his cruel jailors when the right moment should arrive.

Simon, the special guardian and tormentor of the unfortunate child, being informed that the municipal authorities were about to deprive him of his post, and indignant at not receiving any pension for his services, was gained over to the project of the deliverers by his wife, on reception of a large sum of money, deposited by the agents of the Prince de Conde in a place of safety designated by Mme. Simon; and it was settled between them that the departure of the Simons from the rooms they occupied in the Temple, with their furniture, should be taken advantage of to effect the deliverance of the young captive. Ojardias accordingly made his appearance with the rocking-horse, just as Mme. Simon was preparing to quit her rooms with her goods and chattels, Simon himself having taken care to be out of the way, and also to keep the newly-appointed guardians of the little Prince from going up to their charge too soon.

Ojardias had bought of its parents a sickly and idiotic child, considered as utterly incurable, and certain to die in a few months; and this child, dosed with a sleeping potion, was conveyed by him into the Simons's apartment, concealed in the horse. The doctor, aided by Mme. Simon, hastily drew this child out of the horse, stripped him and the Dauphin, and having dressed each child in the clothes of the other, placed the little idiot in the Dauphin's chair, and rolled up the Dauphin in a heap of dirty linen.

Everything being now ready, the doctor pretended to be busy helping Mme. Simon to get her bundles down stairs, and proceeded to carry off the roll of linen containing the royal child, Mme. Simon, to divert suspicion, pretending to be scandalized at such an undignified piece of condescension on the part of a physician, and taking the other end of the bundle, as though to withdraw it from the doctor's grasp, exclaiming meanwhile against her husband's absence at such a moment, and declaring that men in general, and husbands in particular, thought of nothing in the world but amusing themselves, and leaving all the work to be done by the unfortunate women.

The precious bundle being thus placed in the bottom of a cart destined to receive the household treasures of the Simons, other bundles were quickly placed in it, and the cart was taken away at once by the Count de Frette disguised as a coachman.

As soon as the Prince was thus got out of the jail, Simon took the new jailors to his rooms, and there delivered up to them, as the little Prince, the sleeping idiot whom Ojardias had substituted in his place. The new jailors, not knowing the real Prince, had no suspicion of the trick, but entered their declaration on the registers of the prison, that "young Capet had been delivered up to them in good health." "All these particulars," says the biographer in question, "were given by Ojardias to the Duke of Normandy in after life, were by him recounted to the Widow Simon whom he saw in 1802, and have been repeatedly spoken of by her to various persons, among others to many of the Sisters of Charity who attend the inmates of the Hospital for Incurable Women, into which she was received, and where she died in 1819."

Unfortunately for the success of impostors, they can rarely manage to make their statements agree. While Clarivali thus causes the young Dauphin to be carried out of prison enveloped in a bundle of linen, the principal personage of the comedy, in his autobiography, states, with equal lucidity and fullness of detail, that Ojardias, having got his rocking-horse into the Prince's room, and having taken out of it the sleeping child destined to replace him and put him into his bed, at once introduced the Prince into the body of the horse, and in this way got him out of the clutches of the Republic. He goes on to relate how he, the *soi disant* Dauphin, was conveyed in the rocking-horse to a place of safety, where he was "cleaned and purified of the filth and vermin" with which he was covered, his "sores" being properly cared for, and his hungry stomach supplied with wholesome food; how he was next, at nightfall, while rain fell heavily, placed in a second horse, "much larger than the other," in fact of the size of life, made with jointed legs, to imitate the motion of a real horse, and harnessed to a cart with three other horses—and was thus got safely out of Paris; how his conductors, when they reached a certain solitary spot, took him out of the horse, and placed him in a carriage there waiting; and how the party, driving for their lives, reached the frontier in safety.

The autobiography gives most minute details of this operation; tells how cleverly Dame Simon, busy with her housemoving, and her husband being down stairs, as we know, refused to receive the wooden horse in his absence, and compelled the doctor to carry his machine down stairs again, the latter pretending the utmost vexation and indignation, and the jail-porter and his wife being so much moved by the eloquent protestations of the physician, that "he was, for a moment, horribly afraid that the honest couple, who protested against the cruelty of depriving a child of a promised toy, would have compelled him to carry his machine up stairs again to the prison of the little captive." In this account we have no mention of the bundle of linen which Clarivali *affirms with such decision on the testimony* of "Monseigneur" himself.

The "Dauphin" being thus happily delivered by means of the two sham horses, the convention was not long in making the discovery that it has been "done," and sends all manner of emissaries to recover the real child. But the latter is safe over the Belgian frontier, and is received, with intense joy, at Ettenstadt, by the Prince de Conde, who can think of no better way of insuring the safety of his royal ward, than that of sending him secretly to General Kleber (!) who passes him off as a nephew of his own, and takes him to Egypt. Despite Kleber's prudence, the secret leaks out, and gets to the ears of Bonaparte, who is rather disturbed at learning that he has a "rival" in his camp; on which Kleber sends him, for greater safety, to Desaix (!) who makes him his aide-de-camp, and takes him to Italy. After Marengo, the young Dauphin comes back to France, and confides the secret of his identity to Lucien Bonaparte and Fouche. The latter procures him an interview with the Empress Josephine, who is convinced that he really is the Dauphin by a scar over his right eye. The Prince enters into the conspiracy of Moreau, and it is thus that the Emperor learns, by the papers of Pichegru, that the young aide-de-camp of Desaix is the Duke of Normandy. Hereupon, Fouche, in hot haste, gets the Prince on board a ship, and sends him to America. This was in 1804. The Prince reaches New York, and goes to the South, where, after astounding adventures among the various tribes of savages, (especially a tribe called "Mamelucks,") he goes to Brazil, where the family of the Portuguese monarch, compelled to quit Europe, had just established themselves. The son of Louis XVI. confides his secret to Don Juan, the regent, who offers him an asylum at his court. Here he remained until, attracted back to Europe "by the presentiment of his coming greatness," he returned to Paris, where Fouche procured for him a safe hiding-place. In 1815 he "got himself recognized" by the Prince de Conde and the Dowager-Duchess of Orleans, and made up his mind to claim the restoration of his rights.

His first step was the interview which the Prince de Conde with some trouble procured for him with his sister, the Duchess d'Angouleme, in an alley of the park of Versailles, of which Clarivali gives a most romantic but incorrect account; and which, as I learn from a descendant of the lady of honor who was in attendance on the Duchess during the interview, was of slight service to the Pretender. The Duchess, when the stranger suddenly presented himself to her as her brother, was painfully agitated; but though he endeavored to convince her by recalling certain circumstances to her memory, she was utterly incredulous of the validity of his claims, and cut short the interview by suddenly returning to the palace, refusing to listen to his statements.

Clarivali admits that the interview was not favorable to the Pretender; but would fain lead us to infer that the Princess was fully convinced that the stranger was her brother, but refused to have anything to do with him, declaring that she could never forgive the evil he had caused to their family by the betrayal of certain secrets which the unhappy Dauphin had allowed to be wormed out of him by the atrocious Simon, who had destroyed his courage and sense of honor by the infamous treatment to which he had subjected the young Prince.

"He wished to exculpate himself," says the biographer, "but the Duchess abruptly withdrew, taking the Duke de Berry with her, and a prey to violent agitation and anger."

This very unsisterly reception leading the Dauphin to the conclusion that France was not quite the safest place for him, he went to Rhodes, placed his papers in the hands of Fouldes, addressed a notification of his existence and claims to the various courts of Europe, and went to England, whence he sailed for Africa, and afterwards visited Egypt, Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy, where the Austrians again threw him into the prison of Santa Margherita of Milan, in which Silvio Pellico and Maroncelli were then confined. The former, having read on the wall of his dungeon a couplet in French verse, signed "Duke of Normandy," began to sing them aloud, when a voice, close by, repeated them, and then added, "*I* am the unfortunate Duke of Normandy!"

Silvio Pellico's unseen neighbor, as he himself has recounted the adventure, now launched out into violent abuse of Louis XVIII. "his uncle, the usurper of his rights," and favored him with various details which he has not given in his autobiography; among others, an account of his being assailed in the streets of Paris by a band of assassins armed with poniards, and the polite replies which he received from the various sovereigns of Europe in answer to his communications to them.

Silvio Pellico did not allow himself to be too much dazzled by this story, though he admits that it was narrated "with a remarkable air of good faith and of good breeding." The unseen captive showed himself to be perfectly conversant with all the tacts of the French Revolution; "he spoke," says Silvio Pellico, "with much natural eloquence, and related great numbers of very curious anecdotes about the actors and topics of that period. At times, there appeared something of the soldier in his language; but he never lost sight of the elegance of one who has moved in the best society. The jailors were not indisposed to believe that he was really Louis XVII.; they had already witnessed such striking reverses of fortune that they were not without hope that they might live to see their prisoner on the throne of France, and receive from him the reward of their servile docility. Except the permission to make his escape, they constantly granted him everything he asked for."

Piero Maroncelli also recounts that one of the jailors, Angelino, used to remark to him every time he quitted the cell of his "royal prisoner:" "I am fully in hopes that he will make me his chief porter when he is king; I have made bold to beg for the post, and he has had the goodness to promise it to me."

One day, Silvio Pellico saw this royal neighbor, whom he describes as a man of middle height, between forty and forty five years of age, inclining to corpulency, and (as corroborated by a friend of mine who saw him at a subsequent period) a truly Bourbonian physiognomy. *The conversation of the prisoner was* not always of an edifying description, on the score of morals; and he gave utterance to sentiments which showed him to be a very sympathizing student of Voltaire.

In 1825, after seven years, six months and twelve days of captivity, Austria let her prisoner go; probably supposing him cured of his mania.

The Dauphin thereupon went to Switzerland, rallied a few partisans, and, in 1820, returned to France, where he took the name of Hebert, and obtained a post in the Prefecture of Rouen. In 1827 we find him in Paris, under the name of Colonel Gustave. In 1826 he again puts forth his claims, by addressing the following document to the Chamber of Peers:

"LUXEMBOURG, Feb. 2, 1828.

"NOBLE PEERS:—Organs of justice, it is to your high wisdom that the unfortunate Louis Charles de Bourbon, Duke of Normandy, confides his cause. Plucked, as by a miracle, out of the hands of his ferocious executioners, and after having vegetated during long years in the various countries of the universe, he addresses himself loyally to your noble lordships.

"He does not claim the throne of his father; it belongs to the nation, which alone has the right to dispose of it. He merely demands of your equity an asylum for his head, which can nowhere repose without peril, and a country which more than thirty years of exile have been unable to make him forget."

(Signed) "DUKE OF NORMANDY."

The Noble Chamber, on receiving this address, passed a regulation providing that, in future, no petition should be received until the legality of the signature of its author had been vouched for before the proper authority, and presented to the Chamber by a peer. After which, their lordships caused the author of this original petition to be searched for in Belgium, he being, meanwhile, snugly hidden in Paris. He had contrived to convert a good many devoted royalists to his cause, and was by them supplied with money, which was to be repaid to them when he had seated himself on the throne of his ancestors. Gradually, the Duke of Normandy (for we have no other name by which to call him) managed to get his story into a shape sufficiently satisfactory to ordinary credulity. He had picked up a variety of anecdotes, little known, respecting the childhood of the Dauphin, and with these he won over several old servants of the family; showed the famous mark of the hurt inflicted on him by Simon above his right eye, and, on his knees and wrist, the scars of the scrofulous disease contracted in the Temple; and declared that dame Simon, whom he had visited in the Salpetriere, (and who really died there,) had wept on seeing him, and hearing him recount the sufferings he had undergone. But the proof on which he seemed principally to rely was the violent end which had overtaken all those who had been brought into contact with him. If Desault, the surgeon who attended him in prison, died of poison, it was because, after the substitution of the idiot child in his place, that gentleman had refused to recognize the idiot as the child of the late king, (an assertion which, however, defeats itself, as it is matter of history that Desault, who had been surgeon to the royal children before the outbreak of the revolution, with Lasne and Gomin, who were always devotedly attached to the unhappy little prisoner, never manifested the slightest doubt as to the identity of the unfortunate child, and the fact of his decease in prison;) if Josephine, the ex-Empress, died, it was because she knew the fatal secret, was privy to his escape, and had interceded on behalf of the Dauphin with the Emperor of Russia; if Pichegru was strangled in prison, it was because he had in his possession certain papers which proved the identity of the Dauphin; if the Prince of Conde was found hanging to the fastening of a window at Fontainbleau, it was because he was the confident and protector of the Duke of Normandy, and he was therefore killed to get him out of the way; if Fouldes was murdered, with so much mystery and cruelty as have made his murder one of the most remarkable in the annals of crime, it was because the Dauphin had left his papers in the charge of that unfortunate man; if the Duke de Berry was murdered by Louvel, it was because the former believed that the Pretender was the real heir to the throne, and Louis XVIII., therefore, armed against him the hand of the assassin.

With regard to the Duke de Berry, the writer of the autobiography assures us that "one of the inmates of the Tuileries, whose functions gave him entrance, at all hours, into the king's apartments, once heard an unusual noise in the cabinet of the monarch; that his curiosity led him to listen at the door, and that he overheard these words pronounced with great warmth by the Duke de Berry:

"But why, uncle, since you admit the existence of the Duke de Berry, and even know where he is, why do you delay recognizing him, and giving him the throne?" to which rather serious question the King replied, in an impatient voice, "Eh! don't you understand that such a recognition is impossible, that it would invalidate existing treaties, and trouble the peace of Europe?" Excessively interested by what he has heard, the listener sticks his ear still closer to the door, and overhears a pretty sharp quarrel between the chivalrous Berry and the selfish King, who feels the throne to be too agreeable a seat to be vacated, and which ends by the latter's angrily exclaiming, "Take care what you are about, Berry!" and which is followed, a fortnight afterwards, by the murder of the Duke de Berry.

When the revolution of 1830 broke out, the tenacious Duke of Normandy addressed a new demand for recognition to the Provisional Government, in which he styled himself the Baron de Richemont, and claimed to be the true heir to the throne. He also wrote a severely dignified letter to the Duchess d'Angouleme, calling on her "to abjure sentiments opposed to nature and to humanity, and to give such explanations with regard to him as shall put an end to the misfortunes which he has so long endured," and winds up by entreating her, "since Fortune has again placed her at the mercy of strangers, to throw herself into the arms of her unfortunate brother."

While thus addressing himself to the Government of the day, and to the sister who so *obstinately refused to recognize his claims*, the Baron de Richemont was arrested on a charge of swindling. The report of this trial is exceedingly curious, but too long for notice here. It created intense interest from the persistence of the prisoner in declaring himself the son of Louis XVI.—a declaration which brought out, oddly enough, two other rival pretenders, of whom more anon, one of whom presented his claim in a letter formally presented by his "agent" to the Court, while the other came forward in his own person, and attempted, by showing a scar over his right eye, to convince the Court that it was he who was really the son of the murdered King; from the impossibility of ascertaining who and what he really was, and the many minute details he gave respecting the incidents of his pretended imprisonment in the Temple, and various other particulars that he had contrived to pick up respecting the sayings and doings of the decapitated sovereigns and many persons about them. But despite these points of interest, and the ingenious, though often contradictory, explanations of the prisoner, the charge of swindling was established. It was shown that the "Dauphin" had obtained money from various dupes, not only by representing himself as the legitimate heir to the throne, but as inventor of some wonderful new method of sharpening razors, with which was complicated the employment of certain occult formulas and mysterious medals; and the trial resulted in the infliction of a sentence of twelve years imprisonment, in pursuance of which, the Dauphin was sent to the prison of St. Pelagie, whence, at the moment when he was about to be conveyed to the central prison of Clairvaux, he succeeded in escaping, in company with three other political prisoners, by the aid of false keys, in broad daylight, giving themselves out as the architects of the prison.

From this period, the Baron de Richemont contented himself with making the most of the fidelity of the few who still believed in the validity of his claims, residing on various points of the continent, and living on the contributions of his friends. In 1843 and 1846, he published an improved edition of his former Memoirs; in 1840, he took advantage of the amnesty to come back to France, where his presence was winked at by the Government; and in 1848, he once more addressed his old demands to the National Assembly, which body paid no more heed thereto than was paid in the following year to his Act of Adhesion to the Republic, and his public demand for recognition, sent, on the 27th of March of the same year, to the Duchess of Angouleme.

The problematic individual in question, frequently resided in England, where he married an English girl of humble birth, but seems to have had no children. He was maintained by the offerings of the few among the old partisans of Legitimacy, who held to their faith in the reality of his pretensions, and died on the 10th of August, 1855, in France, in the little town of Gleyze, leaving no clue whatsoever to the discovery of his real identity. It seems probable that his personation of the character he assumed through life, prompted, it may be, originally, by his wonderful likeness to the Bourbons, of whom he may very possibly have been an illegitimate descendent, came in time to impose even upon himself, and that, during the greater part of his life he really believed in the validity of his own pretensions. However this may have been, the grave has now closed over him; and the impartial judgment of history has classed him among the most noteworthy of the many pretenders who, wittingly or unwittingly, have sought to impose themselves upon the world under a name which was not theirs. QUANTUM.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS AT DAMASCUS—FIVE HUNDRED KILLED—THE AMERICAN CONSUL WOUNDED—CONFLICT AT NAPLES—THE MINISTRY DISMISSED—A NEW CABINET FORMED—PROCLAMATION OF GARIBALDI.

The steamship City of Washington brings advices from Liverpool to the 18th inst.

A fearful massacre of Christians has taken place at Damascus. Five hundred were killed, including the Dutch Consul. The American Consul escaped with his life, but was wounded.

Advices from Naples, state that a conflict has occurred there between the troops and the people in consequence of the popular manifestations in favor of the refugees who had disembarked at Naples. Several persons were killed during the melee.

The King of Naples has dismissed his ministry, and formed a new Cabinet.

The Inspector of the former Police was stabbed on the 12th inst.

A proclamation, issued by Garibaldi against the Bourbons, and in favor of Victor Emmanuel, has been distributed in Naples, increasing the excitement there.

The proclamation states that Victor Emmanuel "will lead us against the Austrians."

Two merchant steamers have passed over to Garibaldi, and the report that the Neapolitan corvette below had gone over to him, is confirmed.

NAPLES, July 14.—The patriots are constantly patrolling the streets of the city, and the moderate party are full of apprehensions concerning the stabbing of the Inspector.

The English papers furnish sickening details of the massacre of the Christians.

The general opinion is that the Turkish authorities, acting in connivance with the Government at Constantinople, might have stopped the bloodshed, but on all occasions have left the Christians to their fate.

FRANCE.—On the 19th the Rentes declined to 68f. 96c., on the Paris Bourse

It is said that private orders have been given the French Press to say as little as possible about Garibaldi.

The French crops are all promising well.

LIVERPOOL, July 18.—The sales of cotton for the past two weeks have been 23,000 bales. Prices are unchanged, but the trade is generally healthy, and although speculation is dormant, there is a good demand for cotton by exporters.

LONDON, July 18.—The recent fine weather and the favorable traffic returns by the excise report have had a beneficial influence on the stock exchange.

☞ Marriageable ladies should make a point of visiting the theatrical entertainments before the curtain is drawn up: they would then be sure of one *overture.*

☞ "Wife, bring me some cold beef," said a shiftless husband, when, for the first time in his life, he discovered that he was more hungry than thirsty. "There is no beef in the house," was the mild reply. "Fetch me some pork, then." "No pork, either." "Well, then, let me have some potatoes." "Not a potato *left.*" "*Thunder and lightning!* get some bread, then." "The bread is all gone, too." "Well, give me a knife and fork, and *let me go through the motions.*"

☞ "You look as though you were beside yourself," as the wag said to a fellow who stood beside a donkey.

☞ Jet black eyes are attractive; jet black hair, ditto; but jet black finger-nails are repulsive.

☞ When his cousin Charlotte Dunne was married, Jones said, "It was Dunne before it was begun, Dunne while it was doing, and it was not Dunne when it was done."

☞ The sun is every man's servant, working every day in the year for him, and exacting no wages.

☞ Naval architects are discussing the question what shape is best for a vessel. Undoubtedly it should be ship-shape.

☞ A *dentist* in Brunswick occupies rooms directly over Mr. *Toothaker's* store. Tenney calls this "the eternal fitness of things."

☞ Somebody describes European travel as a succession of *ills* and *valets.*

☞ Some men are like snails—they stretch out immensely when you see them at a distance, but, if you come right up to them, they become contracted into a very small space.

☞ A story is related in "Cunningham's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds," which shows how ridiculous a great man may be made by the force of habit. He had been taught by his old master, Hudson, to paint portraits in a certain position, the gentleman holding his hat. Before he had thrown off the trammels of habit, and began to exhibit that free and bold manner that afterward distinguished him, a certain customer desired to be painted with his hat on. His wish was gratified; but when the portrait was sent home, the gentleman's wife was not a little astonished to perceive that her husband had two hats, one on his head and the other under his arm.

☞ "READ OF ALL MEN."—A minister of God from a foreign land once remarked to a Christian assembly in this city "To *one* sinner who reads the Bible, there are *twenty* who read professing Christians."

☞ A Highlander, who sold brooms, went into a barber's shop in Glasgow to get shaved. The barber bought one of his brooms, and after having shaved him asked the price of it. "Tippence," said the Highlander. "No, no," said the shaver; "I'll give you a penny, and if that does not satisfy you, take your broom again." The Highlander took it, and asked what he had to pay. "A penny," says Strap. "I'll gie ye a bawbee," says Duncan; "and if that disna satisfy ye, put on my board again."

☞ The Rev. James Martineau, of London, an eminent Unitarian clergyman, brother of Mrs. Harriet Martineau, is expected to visit the United States during the next autumn.

☞ A FOOL.—Sylvius had three ways of proving a man a fool. He is a fool who seeks that which he cannot find; he is a fool who seeks that which, if found, would do him more harm than good; he is a fool, who, having several ways to bring him to his journey's end, selects the worst one.

LILLIAN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In the twilight's mingled cheer and gloom,
Lillian, I think of thee.
And I muse in the hush of my lonely room,
On the eves as they used to be
In a distant city's classic shades,
With its quiet streets and its green arcades
And I stir the smouldering flame to a glow,
And a little figure as long ago,
Sits by my side with her hand in mine,
And her red lips glow and her brown eyes shine,
And we talk of the hours we knew of old,
Ere our faith knew change or the heart grew cold.

Bess looks in with her dusky face
And her honest glance and tone,
And I give her a bidding she questions not,
'Tis but a whim of my own,
That she spreads to-night the board for two,
With a service of dainty form and hue;
Like Uhland's boatman is she to me,
Though the guests she serves are two, not three;
And across the board I see a face
With its well remembered smile and grace,
As it might have shone on my lonely life,
Had I won thee, Lillian, my love, my wife!

Oft as I turn my steps at night
From the busy haunts of the day,
Weary of strife and din and care,
And homeward wend my way,
And back to my lonely rooms repair,
Wearily treading the echoing stair,
I think how passing sweet 'twould be,
If Lillian waited above for me,
Listening my coming step to hear,
And bounding forth all full of cheer,
With the kindly clasp that should soothe all pain,
And murmuring, "Welcome back again."

I may make my home a fairy spot,
With all that is rich and rare;
They may smile for me, but it matters not,
If Lillian smiles not there.
I can wander out in the busy crowd,
When the song floats by and mirth is loud;
In the toils of life I can bear my part
With a firm, free hand and a manly heart;
That heart is weak, one loss can break,
Or crush, for only its crossed love's sake,
But Lillian! Lillian! over the sea
The sunshine passed from my life with thee!

New Haven. E. G. B.

THE FALSE FUNERAL.

I never liked my uncle's business, though he took me when my father died, and brought me up as his own son. The good man had no children. His wife was long dead; he had an honest old woman for a housekeeper, and a flourishing business, in the undertaking line, to leave to somebody; but he did not leave it to me, and I'll tell you the reason.

When I had been about five years with him, and had grown worth my salt, as he used to say, a death occurred in our neighborhood, which caused greater lamentation than any we had heard of since my apprenticeship began. The deceased gentleman was a Mr. Elsworthy. The family had been counted gentry in their day. I should have said my uncle lived in York, and all the world knows what Yorkshire families are. Well, the Elsworthys were of good family, and very proud of it, though they had lost every acre of an old estate which had belonged to them time out of mind. I am not sure whether it was their grandfather's dice and cock-fighting, or their father's going surety for a friend, who did something wrong in a government office, that brought them to this poor pass; but there was no house in all York where candles went further, and tea-leaves were better used up. There was a mother, two sisters, and a cousin, who lived with them. The mother was a stately old lady, never seen out of a black brocade. The sisters were not over young or handsome, but they dressed as fine as they could. The cousin was counted one of the prettiest women in Yorkshire, but she walked with a crutch, having met with an accident in her childhood. Master Charles was the only son, and the youngest of the family; he was a tall, handsome, dashing, young man, uncommonly polite, and a great favorite with the ladies. It was said there were some red eyes in the town when the story got wind that he was going to be married to the Honorable Miss Westbay. Her father was younger brother to the Earl of Harrowgate, and had seven girls beside her, without a penny for one of them; but Miss Westbay was a beauty, and the wonder was, that she had not got married long ago, being nearly seven years out, dancing, singing, and playing tip-top pieces at all the parties. Half-a-dozen matches had been talked for her, but somehow they broke down one after another. Her father was rather impatient to see her off; so were her sisters, poor things, and no wonder, for grow up as they might, not one of them would the old man suffer to come out till the eldest was disposed of, and at last there seemed something like a certainty of that business. Young Mr. Elsworthy and she struck up a courtship. He was fascinated—isn't that the word?—at an assize ball, paid marked attentions at the bishop's party, and was believed to have popped the question at a pic-nic, after Lord Harrowgate, the largest shareholder in the North-Eastern Bank, got him promoted from a clerkship to be manager. It's true he was some years younger than Miss Westbay, and people said there had been something between him and his pretty cousin; but a lord's niece with beauty, accomplishments, and a serviceable connection, does not come in every young man's way; so the wedding day was fixed for the 1st of January; and all the milliners were busy with the bride's bonnets and dresses.

It was just a month to come, and everybody was talking of the match, when Mr. Elsworthy fell sick. At first they said it was a cold; then it turned to a brain fever; at last the doctor gave no hopes, and within the same week Mr. Elsworthy died. The whole neighborhood was cast into mourning. A promising young man, in a manner the only dependence of his family, newly promoted to a station of trust and influence, and on the eve of marriage, everybody lamented his untimely death, and sympathized with his bereaved relations and his intended bride. I think my uncle lamented most of all. None of his customers, to my knowledge, ever got so much of his sorrow. When he was sent for in the way of business, it struck me that he stayed particularly long. The good man could talk of nothing but the grief of the afflicted family—how the mother went into fits, and the sisters tore their hair—how the cousin talked of wearing mourning all her days—and how it was feared that Miss Westbay, who insisted on seeing him, would never recover her senses. The county papers gave expression to the public grief. There were a great many verses written about it. Nobody passed the house of mourning without a sigh, or a suitable remark. My uncle superintended the making of the coffin, as I had never seen him do to any other; and when the workmen were gone home, he spent hours at night finishing it by himself.

The funeral was to set out for the family vault in the Minster church at Beverley, about three o'clock in the afternoon. It was made a strictly private affair, though hundreds of the townsmen would have testified their respect for the dead by accompanying it all the way. The members of the family in two mourning coaches, and the undertaker's men, were alone allowed to follow poor Elsworthy to his last resting-place, and the coffin was not to be brought till the latest hour. My uncle had got it finished to his mind, but evidently did not wish me to look at his work. He had a long talk with Steele and Stoneman, two of his most confidential assistants, in the workshop after hours, and they went away looking remarkably close. All was in train, and the funeral to take place next day, when, coming down his own stairs—they were rather steep and narrow, for we lived in one of the old houses of York—my uncle slipped, fell, and broke his leg. I thought he would have gone mad when the doctor told him he must not attempt to move, or mind any business for weeks to come, and I tried to pacify him by offering to conduct the funeral with the help of Steele and Stoneman. Nothing would please the old man; I never saw him so far out of temper before. He swore at his bad luck, threw the pillows at his housekeeper, ordered me to bring him up the key of the workshop, and kept it fast clutched in his hand. I sat up with him that night. In a couple of hours he grew calm and sensible, but could not sleep, though the house was all quiet, and the housekeeper snoring in the corner.—Then he began to groan, as if there was something worse than a broken leg on his mind, and "Tom," said he, "haven't I been always kind to you?"

"No doubt of it, uncle," said I.

"Well, Tom, I want you to do me a great service—a particular service, Tom, and I'll never forget it to you. You know Mr. Elsworthy's funeral comes off to-morrow at three, and they're very high people."

"Never fear, uncle; I'll take care of it as well as if you were there yourself."

"I know you would, Tom—I know you would. I could trust you with the hearsing of an earl's coffin; and for managing mutes, I don't know your equal. But there's something more to be done. Come over beside me, Tom; that old woman don't hear well at the best, and she's sleeping now, and no mistake. Will you promise me"—and his voice sunk to a whisper—"that, whatever you hear or see, you'll make no remark to any living, and be as cautious as you can about the body? There's no foul play," said he, for I began to look frightened; "but maybe this leg's a judgment for taking on such a business. Howsomever, I'm to have three hundred pounds for it; and you'll get the half, Tom, the full half, if you'll conduct it properly, and give me your solemn promise. I know you'll never break that."

"Uncle," said I, "I'll promise, and keep it too; but you must tell me what it is."

"Well, Tom"—and he drew a long breath—"it's a living man you're going to put in that coffin in the workshop! I have made it high and full of air-holes: he'll lie quite comfortable. Nobody knows about it but Steele and Stoneman, and yourself; they'll go with you. Mind you trust no one else. Don't look so stupid, man; can't you understand, Mr. Elsworthy didn't die at all, and never had brain fever; but he wants to get off with marrying Miss Westbay, or something of that sort. They're taking a queer way about it, I must say; but these genteel people have ways of their own. It was the cousin that prepared my mind for it in the back-parlor; that woman's up to anything. I stood out against having a hand in it, till I heard that the sexton of Beverley Church was a poor relation of theirs. The key of the coffin is to be given to him; it will be locked, and not screwed down, you see, and when all's over at the vault—it will be dark night by that time, for we don't move till three, and these December days are short—he'll come and help Mr. Elsworthy out, and smuggle him off to Hull with his son the carrier. There's ships enough there to take him anywhere under a feigned name."

"Could he get off the marriage no easier?" said I, for the thought of taking a living man in a hearse, and hearing the service read over him, made my blood run cold. You see I was young then.

"There's something more than the marriage in it, though they didn't tell me. Odd things will happen in my business, and this is one of the queerest. But you'll manage it, Tom, and get my blessing, besides your half of the three hundred pounds; and don't be afraid of anything coming wrong to him, for I never saw any man look so like a corpse."

I promised my uncle to do the business and keep the secret. A hundred and fifty pounds was no joke to a young man beginning the world in the undertaking line; and the old man was so pleased with what he called my sense and understanding, that before falling asleep, close upon daybreak, he talked of taking me into partnership, and the jobs we might expect from the Harrowgate family; for the dowager-countess was near fourscore, and two of the young ladies were threatened with decline. Next day, early in the afternoon, Steele, Stoneman, and I were at work. The family seemed duly mournful; I suppose, on account of the servants. Mr. Elsworthy looked wonderfully well in his shroud; and if one had not looked closely into the coffin, they never would have seen the air-holes. Well, we set out, mourning-coaches, hearse and all, through the yellow fog of a December day. There was nothing but sad faces to be seen at all the windows as we passed; I heard them admiring Steele and Stoneman for the feeling hearts they showed; but when we got out on the Beverley road, the cousin gave us a sign, and away we went at a rattling pace; a funeral never got over the ground at such a rate before. Yet it was getting dark when we reached the old Minster, and the curate grumbled at having to do duty so late. He got through the service nearly as quick as we got over the miles. The coffin was lowered into the family vault; it was more than half-filled with Mr. Elsworthy's forefathers, but there was a good wide grate in the wall, and no want of air. It was all right. The clerk and the clergyman started off to their homes; the mourning coaches went to the Crown Inn, where the ladies were to wait till the sexton came to let them know he was safe out—the cousin would not go home without that news—and I slipped him the key at the church-door, as he discoursed to us all about the mysterious dispensations of Providence.

My heart was light going home, so were Steele's and Stoneman's. None of us liked the job, but we were all to be paid for it; and I must say the old man came down handsomely with the needful, not to speak of Burton ale; and I was to be made his partner without delay. We got the money, and had the jollification; but it wasn't right over, and I just getting into bed, when there was a ring at our door-bell, and the housekeeper came to say that Dr. Parks wanted to see me or my uncle. What could he want, and how had he come come back so soon? Parks was the Elsworthy's family doctor, and the only stranger at the funeral; he went in the second-mourning-coach, and I left him talking to the sexton. My clothes were thrown on, and I was down stairs in a minute, looking as sober as I could; but the doctor's look would have sobered any man. "Thomas," said he, "this has turned out a bad business; and I cannot account for it; but Mr. Elsworthy has died in earnest. When the sexton and I opened the coffin, we found him cold and stiff. I think he died from fright, for such a face of terror I never saw. It wasn't your uncle's fault; there is no doubt he had air enough, but it can't be helped; and the less said about it, the better for all parties. I am going to Dr. Adams, to take him down with me to Beverley. The sexton keeps poor Elsworthy, to see if anything can be done; and Adams is the only man we could trust; but I know it's of no use."

The doctor's apprehension was well founded—Mr. Elsworthy could not be recovered; and after trying everything to no purpose, they laid him down again in the coffin with air-holes. The ladies came back, and we kept the secret; but in less than six months after, a rumor went abroad of heavy forgeries on the North-Eastern Bank. On investigation, they proved to be over fifty thousand, and nobody was implicated but the deceased manager. His family knew nothing about it; being all ladies, they were entirely ignorant of banking affairs; but they left York next season, took a handsome house at Scarborough, and were known to get money regularly from London. They never employed any doctor but Parks; and his medical management did not appear to prosper, for they were never well, and always nervous; not one of them could sleep alone or without light in the room; and an attendant from a private asylum had to be got for the cousin. I don't think the matter ever left my uncle's mind. He never would undertake an odd job after it; and all the partnerships in England would not have made me continue in the business, and run the risk of another false funeral.

"OLD AUNT HANNAH."

Let's wait a little longer, Tom,
Before we westward go;
Let's wait for old Aunt Hannah's sake,
'Twould break her heart, I know.
Look at her in her corner there,
Her head as white as snow,
The last leaf of the good old tree—
We cannot leave her so!

In this old mansion was she born,
Her joys and griefs were here;
How well she loved and nursed us all
Through many a changing year!
See how she's smiling at the fire
And whispering something low!
She's thinking of our Christmas times,
Oh, long and long ago!

Beside yon crumbling garden wall,
Our gallant father lies,
Our good old mother at his side—
Aunt Hannah closed their eyes!
She was the playmate of them both,
Some fifty years ago—
To leave those dear old graves behind,
'Twould break her heart, I know.

When the old soldier parceled out
His treasures, great and small,
Aunt Hannah he would give to none,
He gave her to us all.
We laid his good sword on his breast,
For he had charged us so—
Whilst old Aunt Hannah knelt in tears—
Ah, Tom! we cannot go!

Her failing sands will soon be out,
The kindly angel come,
And lead the good old faithful soul
To our great master's home.
And when we've marked her simple grave,
And dropped a tear or so,
We'll urn the ashes of the past,
And gaily westward go!

ACTION OF SUGAR ON THE TEETH.—M. Larez, of France, has proved that sugar from either cane or beets, is injurious to healthy teeth, either by immediate contact with them, or by the gas developed, owing to its stoppage in the stomach. If a tooth is macerated in a saturated solution of sugar it becomes gelatinous, and its enamel opaque, spongy, and easily broken. This modification is due, not to free acid, but to a tendency of sugar to combine with the calcareous basis of the teeth.

Pleasure is precarious; but virtue is immortal.

FRENCH WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

All through France the women are very plain looking. I scarcely saw a passably pretty face in the whole of it. The figures of most of them are shockingly attenuated by corsets. This is not true of the lowest class of peasant women, whose forms are broad and brawny enough to prove them quite ignorant of whale bone or steel. So much has been said of the surpassing grace of the women of France, that we Americans have been led to believe that a French woman cannot lift her skirts over a mud puddle without throwing into the action so much witchery and gracefulness as to take everybody's heart by storm. I expected to be completely bewildered by their fascinations—to be entirely devoured with envy—and to return home quite disgusted with the angularity and broomstick inflexibility of our New England women. But I was thrown into no such uncomfortable frame of mind. Pretty faces are not nearly so plenty as at home—and fine forms are rare, because of the greater prevalence of corsets and padding. A dress maker whom I consulted, seemed to consider it utterly beyond her art to "fit" a figure which had been so shockingly "neglected" that was not compressed into the form of an hour glass by whalebones and lacings. I shall return home with a new appreciation of the good looks of my own countrywomen.

French children, as a rule, are very ugly little things;—and although it had been so long since I had seen a baby that I was almost homesick for the sight of one, I had very little drawing toward these. Perhaps the way in which they are dressed makes them less winning than they would otherwise be—the little girls being clad in old-womanish dresses, generally black—and with long draggling skirts, clinging about them in the lankest manner. The small babies are the hardest, most unyielding little things in the world. From their arms down, they are wound and wound about with bandages, closely drawn and fastened—body and legs swathed like a mummy's, until the poor infants are nothing but a hard, round, stiff bundle, something between a butterfly chrysalis and a stick of wood. They can only move their arms a little—and I believe are allowed to wink. Take one in your arms, and instead of the yielding plumpness, the warm hugable softness of our babies, bless 'em—the little hard-shelled thing lies stiffly across your lap like a post, or rolls one way and the other like some queer grub you have seen ploughed up in the garden. They are not babies at all—but simply unhatched insects—small French men and women in the bud.

There seems to me to be among these people but little of the tenderness toward their children which is common among our "colder" American parents. The mother-love here seems to be simply an animal instinct, and even at that, not strong enough to interfere at all with her convenience or inclinations in other directions. It is a universal custom, in the cities, excepting among the very lowest class of people, to send infants "out to nurse" as soon as they are a few weeks old. After this separation, the mother sees her child once in two or three months, perhaps—until it is old enough to go to school, and then perhaps not so often, unless on some occasion of a birthday or festival, when it is permitted to come home for a day or two. At one of the hotels, our landlady, who was a brisk, chatty person, and whom I supposed to be childless, as I saw no children about the house—told me she had four little ones. I asked where they were. "Oh, out in the country," she said. "I always send them away when they are very little. I can't have the bother of them here, with my business. They are better off where they are—and I see them *twice a year*." And it chanced, they came home for a day, while I was there—and a Maine child, suddenly dropped down in the house, could not have been a more utter stranger than every one of them appeared to be in their father's home. It was absolutely painful to me. They were quite as familiar with me as with their mother, whom they seemed to regard as a distant acquaintance. They obeyed like automata and behaved very properly—shook hands with faultless politeness, made bows in the mode, and left the room with the "easy sway of Antinous." And so the tender bond between parents and children seems completely unknown or ignored. Educated in this manner, how can children but be artificial, conventional and hollow? It is little wonder that there is in France no home atmosphere—that the people live so much in the external, and are always vacillating, trifling, and fickle? With them, the precious associations of the hearthstone—the sacred, shut-away shrines of domestic love and peace—the close, earnest, silent sympathies which are the soul of New England life, are matters never thought of and never known.—*Portland Transcript.*

POISON THAT IS SOLD FOR GENUINE SPIRITS.—The "oil of Bourbon whiskey" is openly advertised for sale by chemists, at fifty cents per ounce, and this oil is so potent that "each ounce will change one hundred gallons of alcohol into delicate old Bourbon!" In like manner, "oil of Jamaica," and "oil of apple" are sold, to convert a common spirit into Jamaica ditto, and into apple brandy!" As to "oil of Cognac," (which is a composition of sulphuric acid, caustic, potash, and highly concentrated alcohol,) one ounce of it is worth six dollars, and will metamorphose a hundred gallons of neutral spirits into "pure old Cognac brandy just out of the Custom House."

LONG COURTSHIPS.—Long courtships are thought unadvisable for many reasons. One of these is, that the lovers get tired of each other. But why do they get tired of each other? Because they allow their intercourse to become monotonous. They go on making extravagantly fond speeches till they are tired of hearing them; or, gazing at each other for hours, till they at length find out each other's defects, and disprove the old saying, that Love is blind. They also forget that love should be the sauce, not the food of life; and so, it happens that, ere long, they are not "love-sick," but "sick of love."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

In relating anything he had heard, Scott, says Mr. Leslie, added touches of his own that were always charming. "Why, Sir Walter," once interposed John Clerk, afterwards Lord Eldin, "that's a story of mine you've been telling; but you have so decorated it that I scarcely knew it again." "Do you think," replied Scott, "I'd tell one of your stories, or of anybody's, and not put a laced coat and cocked hat upon it?" The laced coats and cocked hats in which he dressed his inexhaustible store of anecdotes made him a favorite in society long before he was known to fame.—Speaking of his lameness, he said, "When I was of the age at which lads like to shine in the eyes of girls, I have felt some envy in a ball-room of the young fellows who had the use of their legs; but I generally found when I was beside the lasses, I had the advantage with my tongue." His face, as is well known, had a heavy look when not animated, and, except in the capacious forehead, gave no indication of his genius, but there was more benevolence, Mr. Leslie states, in his countenance than is embodied in any portrait which was ever made of him. In other particulars, Chantrey's bust did justice to him, and conveys his most characteristic expression. "The gentle turn of the head," we are told, "and the lurking humor in the eye and about the mouth were Scott's own." In his walks he frequently pointed out the precise effect which would strike a painter; but, with an exquisite perception of the beauties of nature, he had little or none for the same effects when transferred to canvas. "To him," says Leslie, "pictures were interesting merely as representing some particular scene, person, or event, and very moderate merit in their execution contented him. There were things hanging on the walls of his dining-room which no eye possessing sensibility to what is excellent in art could have endured. I am inclined to think that in music also his enjoyment arose chiefly from the associations called up by the air or words of a song." A strong proof of the correctness of this opinion is, that he maintained that the bagpipe was a fine instrument. Little, however, as he estimated music by its intrinsic qualities, he had a keen relish for Highland melodies and military marches. His face was lighted up by the inward delight, and his whole body swayed slightly in unison with the tune.—*Quarterly Review.*

A RELIGIOUS VIEW OF SEA SICKNESS.

The following curious excerpt is a signal example of the fondness which has been observed in some religious men, especially if they are Evangelicals, of putting down their religious thoughts as they occur to them, in a quaint sort of jargon which is constructed by piecing together all kinds of phrases picked out of various parts of the Bible. It is taken from the private diary of the late Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, written by him on board ship, and thought proper for publication by his son-in-law and biographer. He says:—"Even now, after fifteen weeks, I can scarcely manage to hold my pen steadily enough to write a letter to a friend. However, 'by these things we live,' as Mr. Cecil so often said. *Whatever most thoroughly empties and abases man,* and tears him *off from external things, and drives* [illegible] We hope it is possible, without irreverence, to be amused—for something of amusement appears inevitable, at the good bishop's reflections on the "*thorough emptying*" process which he was undergoing, and the pious optimism with which he regards the matter.

In quite another style does a contemporary church-dignitary, not at all of Bishop Wilson's school, deal in his letters with this thorough emptying. Sydney Smith, fresh from Paris in 1835, tells Sir Wilmot Horton, how he and his party saw all the cockney sights, and dined at all the usual *restaurants*, and "vomited as usual into the channel which divides Albion from Gallia. Rivers are said to run blood after an engagement," continues the Canon of St. Paul's; "the Channel is discolored, I am sure, in a less elegant and less pernicious way by English tourists going and coming." But why takes the Reverend Sydney no account of the contributions of French tourists? had he no bowels *for them?*

NEGLECTED DUTY.—No man has any right to manage his affairs in such a way that his sudden death would bring burdens and losses on other people. There may be rare cases where a man really cannot help entanglements, or where, from inexperience, or lack of judgment, he has brought his affairs into such a state that the interest of others depends upon his life; but he should make all possible haste to extricate himself from such a position. Honor and honesty demand that he should so conduct his business, that his death should cause no one to be wronged. And as to dying, although all men everywhere believe that all other men will surely die, yet they unite in thinking that they themselves are exceptions to this rule; or at least, they act as if they thought so. This is radically wrong. It is every man's duty in every transaction in life, to be influenced by the fact that at any day or at any hour he may die.

DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.—One of the pleasantest churchyards I know of is in the Isle of Wight, and many years ago I was sauntering among its grasses, when I saw a lady in deep mourning, with a little girl, sitting on a tombstone. The former was reading a book to the latter, who was looking with tearful eyes into her mother's face. When they turned away from the spot, I saw they had been looking on the tomb of the Dairyman's Daughter, whose simple epitaph was engraved on the tombstone. The lady was the Dutchess of Kent, and the little child was the Princess Victoria, now a Queen upon whose dominions the sun never sets. Striking was the contrast in the condition of the sleeper and her who watched by her grave, the one a peasant's daughter, in her dreamless slumber, the other a child who ere many years had passed over her head, was to take her place among the rulers of the nations.

A benevolent physician considers the poor his best patients, for God is the paymaster.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD.

The possession of brilliant intellectual qualities is, in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, a bar, not a help, to advancement in the world. If you try to cut a stone with a razor, the razor will lose its edge, and the stone remain uncut. A very high education again, in the majority of instances, unfits a man for a contest with his fellows. You have rifled the cannon till the strength of the metal is gone. Each individual will just bear so much of intellectual culture, and no more, without loss of moral vigor. A too early and too sudden success has proved the ultimate ruin of thousands; if, again, success be too long deferred, the courage of others will give way. Lord Eldon used to say that the possession of a bare competence was, with rare exceptions, indeed, an absolute bar to all chance of forensic distinction. Within my own experience of the struggles of the struggling profession suggested, I have seen the absolute necessity of providing means for a bare livelihood until the opportunity of entering upon the exercise of the profession might arise, produce similar results.

Speaking in general terms, and omitting for the moment all consideration of those extraordinary men who from time to time flash like comets through the firmament of humanity, I should say that a somewhat dull, unimaginative man, with great powers of continuous labor, and the patience to abide results, and profit by the failures of his more brilliant fellow-creatures, is the likeliest man ultimately to "get on" in London. Youths of a more filibustering turn of mind, who are impelled by their own inner restlessness to take the chances of the game as it is played out in Australia or California, of course possess, and had need possess, other qualities. In London the faculty of sitting still on a chair or stool is largely rewarded; but then it is a faculty which, in the majority of instances, can only be educed by culture. Few men on the sunny side of forty can sit still.

Again, it appears to me that people in London obtain great rewards and emoluments, simply because they are forty years of age and upwards. A curate's most brilliant pulpit effusions stand little chance by the side of his rector's prose. Medical men get trusted, simply because their names have remained for twenty years on the same brass plate, on the same green doors. Men of letters, indeed, obtain distinctions and notoriety at an earlier period of life, but they do not very commonly reap the harvest until they are past forty, and are writing not quite for immortality. This, however, is fair enough; they are but discounting their past career, and the British public will for a long time continue to honor their drafts, which, in truth, at the time of presentation, should scarcely contain the words "for value received."

There is also another point well worthy of consideration—it is a great thing to be fat. To be a fat man is a great element of success in London. The world is willing to pay heavily for ballast. In almost every social circle you enter, you will find a fat man to be the king of it. How unctuously common places fall from his mouth, as though they were good things. *How impossible it is to maintain* against such an one that six times seven are forty-two, or that King George III. used to reside occasionally at Weymouth. He will smile blandly at you over a vast expanse of white waistcoat, and impart to the glass of sherry which he is sipping the force of a syllogism. You are lost in the opinion of the company, and retire into yourself with what our French neighbors would call "a yellow smile," when you are set down as an ill conditioned fellow, deaf to the voice of reason. Let every one who can contrive it be fat and be forty. So will he surely sit under his own vine and his own figtree, and be glad. London is the paradise of men of sixteen stone. The rule, however, is not quite absolute. I have known a few thin men to succeed; but the laurel crown is scarcely ever awarded to them in a hearty and genial way. They get on as vampires and ghouls get on, by sucking the blood of innumerable victims. Their fellow-creatures are to this class of adventurers just so many oysters. They swallow them, but they do not fatten upon them. Neither did the late Mr. Dando. If any scheme be afoot for farming mankind for the profit of the few, of course a fat man will be the chairman, but a thin man will undertake the general management of the business.—*London Periodical.*

ANECDOTE OF SIR RALPH ABERCROMBIE.—The late Lord Dunfermline, when speaking with deep feeling and anger to the writer, about the sufferings of the men, and the frightful blunders in the Crimea, told the following story of his father, the great and good Sir Ralph Abercrombie. After his glorious victory, the dying General was being carried on a litter to the boat of the "Foudroyant," in which he died. He was in great pain from his wound, and could get no place to rest. Sir John Macdonald (afterwards Adjutant-General) put something under his head. Sir Ralph smiled, and said, "That is a comfort; that is the very thing. What is it, John?" "Only a soldier's blanket, sir," said the old man, fixing his eye severely on him. "*Whose* blanket is it?"—"One of the men's." "I wish to know the name of the man whose this blanket is;" and everything paused till he was satisfied. "It is Duncan Roy's, of the 42d, Sir Ralph." "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night," and, wearied and content, the soldier's friend was moved to his death-bed. "Yes, doctor," said Lord *Dunfermline*, in his strong, earnest way, "the whole question is in that blanket—in Duncan getting his blanket that very night."—"*Hora Subsecivæ*," *by Dr. John Brown Edinburgh.*

SPIRITUAL GARDENING.—The hearts of believers are like gardens, wherein there are not only flowers, but weeds also; and as the former must be watered and cherished, so the latter must be curbed and nipped. If nothing but dews and showers of promises should fall upon the heart, though they seem to tend to the cherishing of their graces, yet the weeds of corruption will be apt to grow up with them, and in the end to choke them, unless they are nipped and blasted by the severity of threatenings.—*Owen.*

BABY BUNN.

BY JOSIE H——.

Winsome baby Bunn!
Brighter than the stars that rise
In the dusky evening skies,
Browner than the robin's wing,
Clearer than the woodland spring,
Are the eyes of baby Bunn—
Winsome baby Bunn!

Smile, mother, smile!
Thinking softly all the while
Of a tender, blissful day,
When the dark eyes, so like these
Of the cherub on your knees,
Stole your girlish heart away.
Oh! the eyes of baby Bunn!
Rarest mischief will they do,
When once old enough to steal
What their father stole from you!
Smile, mother, smile!

Winsome baby Bunn!
Milk-white lilies half-unrolled,
Set in calyxes of gold,
Cannot match his forehead fair
With its rings of yellow hair!
Scarlet berry cleft in twain
By a wedge of pearly grain,
Is the mouth of baby Bunn!
Winsome baby Bunn!

Weep, mother, weep
For the little one asleep
With his head against your breast
Never in the coming years,—
Though he seeks for it with tears—
Will he find so sweet a rest.
Oh, the brow of baby Bunn!
Oh, the scarlet mouth of Bunn!
One must wear its crown of thorn,
Drink its cup of gall must one.
Though the trembling lips shall shrink,
White with anguish as they drink,
And the temple sweat with pain
Drops of blood like purple rain.
Weep, mother, weep!

Winsome baby Bunn!
Not the sea-shell's palest tinge,
Not the daisy's rose-white fringe,
Not the softest, faintest glow
Of the sunset on the snow,
Is more beautiful and sweet
Than the wee pink hands and feet
Of the little baby Bunn—
Winsome baby Bunn!

Pray, mother, pray!
Feet like these may lose the way,
Wandering blindly from the right;
Pray, and sometimes will your prayers
Be to him like golden stairs
Built through darkness into light.
Oh, the dimpled feet of Bunn,
In their silken stockings dressed!
Oh, the dainty hands of Bunn—
Hid like rose-leaves in your breast!
These will grasp at jewels rare,
But to find them empty air;
These shall falter many a day,
Bruised and bleeding by the way,
Ere they reach the land of rest!
Pray, mother, pray!

$500 PRIZE STORY.

DANESBURY HOUSE.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

April came in, and the new gin-palace was ready to be opened. But it lacked one thing; a sign. This troubled the gazers amazingly, both men and women; neither had it great outward embellishments. The gaudy place opposite had a large gold animal (gold, to look at) extended, by means of projecting iron rods, over the whole width of the door, and a foot further on either side. It might have been taken for any of the quadrupeds that came out of Noah's ark, though, to say which, would have puzzled Noah himself; but there was a long board underneath, whose painted letters decided the question: "The Brazen Bull."

Not to have honored the new place with any sign at all, gave considerable offence to numbers, who were already its warm partisans and supporters in prospective. Somebody ventured to name the omission of Mr. Danesbury.

"A sign they want, do they?" he said. "I have not thought of one. Let them call it—call it—'the Star of Hope.' I hope it will prove one."

On the evening of the grand opening, Mr. Danesbury summond all his operatives before him, of whatever degree, in the large machine-room of the factory, which had been cleared for the occasion. It was just before the hour for leaving work. He stood upon a raised platform, that all might see him as he addressed them: his brother William, and a few gentlemen, who were taking an interest in the new undertaking, being by his side:

"My friends, I have assembled you here; but not to keep you for many minutes, as it is but a few words I wish to say to you now: and the fewer I say, the better pleased you will be, for I feel sure that you are on thorns to be off to that new palace of mine. Is it not so?"

A murmur; then laughter; then a hearty cheer for their master.

"I shall be very happy to see you all there; but there are certain conditions attached to your entering, and it is to acquaint you with them that I have called you before me. Because," and here he spoke very slowly and distinctly, "unless you can take upon yourselves to observe them, you would be just as well away: at least, for the present."

"Let's have 'em, sir; we shan't objec' to 'em," called out a voice from the far end of the room.

"Was that you, Joe Smith?" cried Mr. Danesbury.

A roar of laughter against Joe Smith, who, not having bargained for his voice to be recognized, shrank into nothing.

"The first condition is, that whoever goes in to-night, must undertake to go in for a whole month, never omitting."

"Oh, everybody would promise that."

"Stop a bit," said Mr. Danesbury, "don't promise anything till you have heard me further. The second condition is, that you must remain firm to my establishment for the whole month, and not enter any other, during that period."

No danger they'd want to leave the master's for anybody else's!

"The third is, that for that month nobody pays for what they take. I stand treat for all."

A defeaning roar; the hurras seemed never coming to an end.

"And the fourth is, that you must, during that period, endeavor to persuade yourselves—that you will *make an effort* to persuade yourselves, to continue in future to patronize my establishment, and not the one—over the way."

Another roar; everybody's voice drowning everybody else's, in vows that they would do so; as if they would patronize any but the master's!"

"Stop a bit, yet," said Mr. Danesbury. "You have heard the conditions of entrance: you must now hear a little of the rules and regulations. In the first place, no man drinks more than I choose."

A dead silence.

"In the second, no man must grumble at the liquor. It may be quite different from what he has been accustomed to; but if he undertakes to go in, he must drink it, and not grumble."

That they'd promise.

"My friends, listen. You have been accustomed to drink beer, that you think good; gin, that you think good; but suppose in my establishment you meet only with bad beer and bad gin, next to undrinkable—you know I do not patronise either, myself, and am no judge—what should you do, at being obliged to put up with them for a month? Would you do so, out of regard to your word, passed to me?"

Yes, they would. Bless the master! twould'nt be his fault, if the sellers imposed upon him.

"But suppose you should get neither beer nor gin, bad or good? suppose the cheer you meet with should be totally different from that which you are accustomed to take! *suppose it should be unpalatable?* You must still observe the condition of remaining your month."

Well, they'd do that.

"Finally, my men, understand fully, and then decide. If you go at all, you must go for the month, evening by evening; and you must abide by the cheer provided for you, even though it be not beer, or spirits, or any drink of that sort. Joe Smith, could you manage to live without beer or spirits for a month?"

"I can't rightly say, sir," hesitated Joe.

"My friends, those of you who think they cannot, had better not subscribe to my conditions, or enter; for, understand me, the conditions and rules *must* be observed. But to you who do enter, I have a word more to say. Which of you ever found my father or me, a hard master?"

Not one—some looked ready to melt into [illegible] Mr. Danesbury and Mr. Arthur had been masters, such as poor workmen did not often find: good, just, kind—friends they had been—never bad masters.

"Then, if you have found us thus," Mr. Danesbury resumed, in a voice that could not altogether suppress its emotion, "you will not mind a little sacrifice by way of return. If the cheer provided for you be not quite to your minds, *put up with it; give it, for one month, a hearty trial*, in gratitude to my late father, your honored master."

The words and the tone carried the room with enthusiasm, and nearly every one bound himself in his own mind, and as fast as promises could do it, to stop out the month at the new place, drink or no drink.

A ticket was now given to each man. They were differently numbered, up to three. The superior managers and overlookers were not included in the invitation, though Mr. Danesbury intimated that to see them there would give him pleasure. The foreman, such as Thomas Harding, had number one; the next grade below, had number two; and the last, number three. It was understood there were three reception rooms, and the ticket merely indicated which they were to enter, to prevent overcrowding and confusion. The men went out, after three times three for Mr. Danesbury.

"We will look in upon you in the course of the evening," said Mr. Danesbury to the men.

Curiosity was excited to the utmost to see the inside of the famous gin-palace, and they crowded in, but in an orderly manner, and were shown to their appointed room, each apartment being conspicuously numbered. No difference had been made in their fittings-up, and the classing of the men had only been according to their suitability, in grade and intellect, as companions. The place was brilliant with gas, and with an immense fire in each room, in ornamental open grates, quite as brilliant as the old gin-palace; tables, small and large, and chairs and benches were scattered about; busts of great and good men were standing in niches and corners; a few pictures, maps, etc., were on the walls; the better sort of the dear and the cheap periodicals, monthly and weekly; plenty of newspapers, and plenty of books, scientific, useful, entertaining, and amusing; also, there were several sets of chess and draught men. A more complete picture of comfort the men had never entered on, although it wanted the bottles and barrels and shining taps of the gin-shop.

Might the men smoke? It was an anxious question. Oh, yes; Mr. Danesbury knew that, to some of the men, tobacco was more than their daily food, and, to strive to put away that, would have crushed the scheme in the onset. He did not find tobacco—the men had to bring that. When they had had time to settle themselves in their seats, and talk of some of their first wonder, a steaming cup of delicious coffee, such as some of them had never tasted, was brought for each man, with a substantial slice of bread-and-butter, really good bread-and-butter, not like what they got at home. A superior reader was appointed to each room, to read aloud, if the men preferred it to conversation.

So! that was their master's gin palace! A comfortable asylum, where they might enjoy each other's society, hear the news, and be well-lighted and warmed, all at his expense. "They might have known that *he* never would countenance a liquor traffic—where was their wits to have believed such a thing?"

"The coffee, too, that was at his expense. Well, it warn't bad."

"Bad! it were deadly good."

"Yes, it were; and so were the bread-and-butter. But about the beer?"

"And the gin?"

Nobody could say. Any more than that they had passed their words to their good master, and they must put up with the evening coffee for a month.

"And at the end of the month we will talk again," said Mr. Danesbury, appearing just as the last words were spoken. "Perhaps we may enter on a fresh agreement then. Did you find the coffee to your liking?"

They had never tasted the like—for coffee.

Mr. Danesbury laughed. He sat down for a little while and conversed cheerfully with the men: not about his hopes and schemes, he had done talking of them for a month, and now left them to their own working; but about indifferent topics of interest. After that, he passed into the other rooms successively.

"I think it will answer, William," he whispered, as they were crossing the well-lighted hall to leave.

"So do I," answered William, "I did not see a dissatisfied face among them."

"If, at the month's end, we have only gained over a few, it will be something effected; and we must hope on, and work on."

"It will come, it will come in time," said William. "Perhaps not with all of them, but with a great portion."

"The next step, will be to try and induce them to leave off beer at home. Not yet: we must go to work gradually, little by little."

"If we can but do that," eagerly answered William, "that they may get out of liking the taste of it, and so out of the craving for it! You don't know, Arthur, how much lies in that; what a help it is."

"No: but you do, now."

"Yes, thank God."

Arthur pressed his arm with true affection; but what he would have said more, was arrested; for, on going out into the street, they found themselves in the midst of a crowd of women.

News of the astounding truth had been carried to them: that the new place was no drinking place, but one to keep their husbands and sons from drink. The tidings had spread from cottage to cottage, from house to house, and the excited women, full of joy and thankfulness, had flown to the new place and stood flocking round it, eager for more particular confirmation. Even the respectable Mrs. Gould had gone, and she was the first to address Mr. Danesbury.

"Oh, sir," she said, almost in impassioned tones, "I don't know how to forgive myself. I gave ear to the wicked, disreputable report that this was to be a gin palace; and, after watching your goodness, as I had, all through so many years! We shall never thank you enough, sir, for opening it what it is."

"We all joined in the delusion, sir, more shame to us for doubting you," *cried another*; "we never thought it was going to be nothing but a gin-palace."

"Yes," smiled Mr. Danesbury, "the report did get about. Not from me: I certainly never said it was going to be a gin-palace. But when I found you had picked up the notion, I did not contradict it."

"Well, sir, I suppose we jumped to the thought, through seeing of it a-doing up so nice. I hope all the blessings in the world will rest upon you, sir, for trying to do something to reform our toping pigs of husbands."

"Perhaps I shall try to do something to reform you next," said Mr. Danesbury.

The crowd looked at him, wonderingly.

"My good women," said he, in his low, clear, kindly tone, which reached the ears and the consciences of all, "how many of you have done anything to induce your husbands not to tope—except in the way of scolding and abuse? Have you—I speak to you all individually—made his home comfortable? have you kept it clean and cheerful? have you ever met him with kind words? I fear not."

They were fearing not also, just then: and scarcely an eye dared to meet that of Mr. Danesbury.

"There have been faults on both sides," he resumed; "I am sure you are now feeling that there have been. I am trying what I can do to mend your husbands' faults; perhaps in a little time I may see what can be done towards mending yours. I speak in all kindness."

"Bless Mr. Danesbury! forever bless Mr. Danesbury!" was echoed around, "we shall never know another gentleman like him."

Arthur raised his hat, and, passing his arm within his brother's, walked away.

CHAPTER XXVI

CONCLUSION.

It was a lovely day in June; the sun shone on the green trees, and the blue sky was without a cloud. All Eastborough, high and low, rich and poor, had gathered round the church, save those who had been able to get inside it, for it was the marriage day of Arthur Danesbury and Mary Heber. In deference to the recent melancholy deaths in the family, the wedding was as quiet as possible. No ceremonious breakfast was given, and Mary was plainly attired, for they were to go off from the church door.

They were in the church now, a small party only; and the officiating clergyman was Mary's brother, the Rev. Henry Heber.

"May all good luck and prosperity attend them!" ardently uttered old Mrs. Harding. "If any man ever deserved it in this world, it is Arthur Danesbury."

"He does that," acquiesced the listeners. "Only think of his having loved this young lady for years, yet he put aside his own wishes for the sake of his family."

"For them two good-for-nothings, poor lost young fellows! It's not many as would consider his brothers before himself, and help them to the money he wanted to marry upon."

"Not more for their sakes than for his father's," rejoined Mrs. Harding. "Had he breathed a wish to marry, the old gentleman would have lived upon a crust himself, but what he should have been enabled to do it, and Mr. Arthur knew that, and kept it all locked up in his own breast. He deserves happiness now, for he has waited for it patiently, and done his duty by everybody before himself. Ay, and happiness will be his; he is one who may sit down under the shadow of his own vine and his own fig-tree, as was promised to the obedient under the Old Dispensation."

"Hush! here they come! Look! they two first, she leaning on his arm. How pretty she looks with her flushed rose cheeks, and her sweet pleasant eyes. See! he walks bare-headed."

It was the bride and bridegroom, now Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury. She wore a rich gray silk dress, a white bonnet and veil. The rest of the party followed, but nobody regarded them. Very good and noble did he look as he led her, through the sea of faces to the chariot, placed her in, and took his seat beside her. The postboys touched their horses, but they could only move at a snail's pace, unless there had been outriders to clear the road, and the crowd burst into a simultaneous shout, men waved their hats, and women shook their handkerchiefs. One woman, in her eager excitement, shook her baby by mistake, until the poor little thing's breath was at the last gasp.

"Blessings on the future of Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury."

Mary sat back in the chariot, but he leaned forward and bowed around him; and the crowd shouted again, as they caught his genial smile.

And then, when the post-boys had cleared the throng, and put their horses into a canter, a perfect shower of old shoes flew after the carriage, for good luck; some alighting on it, some beside it, some over it, amidst the horses; hundreds, they looked, whirling forward through the air. It seemed as though every man, woman, and child, had brought with them their old shoes, to throw after the bridegroom and bride.

Just as lovely a day, only hotter, arose a month later, in July. Preparations were making for a feast at Danesbury House. A large tent was erected in the adjacent field, and tables upon tables were set out in it, for all the workmen and their wives were to dine there, and spend a joyous holiday. In-doors, a table was laid for guests. Mr. and Mrs. Danesbury, who had just returned home, had some visitors staying with them; Lord and Lady Temple, their young children, and Mr. and Mrs. St. George, the two latter having arrived by that morning's train, the others including Arthur and his wife, the previous night. A few intimate friends were expected from the neighborhood, and the first to enter was Mrs. Philip Danesbury. Following close upon her, came William and his wife; William, with a clear, bright countenance, very different from what it used to be; and next arrived old Mr. Pratt, bringing with him a tall gentlemanly young man, with a fresh color and intelligent countenance. Mr. Danesbury, *calm, noble, kind as ever, met them on the steps.*

"May I introduce somebody else, as well as myself?" demanded the old doctor, in his quaint way, as he shook hands heartily with Arthur.

Arthur took the young man's hands.

"It is not your grandson?"

"Yes, it is. He is come to stay a fortnight with me, out of the poisonous smoke and smells of London. He tells me he once saw Mr. Arthur Danesbury."

"Yes," rolled Arthur, looking kindly at him, "it was in Mr. St. George's office, the day he was about to enter on his new employment. How have you got on?"

"Got on," interrupted old Mr. Pratt; "he is the right hand of his master, they tell me; never was such a head for construction, drawing, and the like. And, what's more, he is steady," he emphatically added.

Edmund Pratt stood listening, with a pleasant but embarrassed smile. Arthur turned to him, and spoke in a low tone.

"I heard Mr. St. George make a bargain with you. Have you kept it?"

"Strictly, sir," was the ready answer, whilst his color deepened. "I am, in the strict sense of the word, a water-drinker."

"Good. And how is your —?" Mr. Danesbury hesitated. It was painful to a son to be asked after such a father.

"Don't inquire," cried the old surgeon; "Don't mar our minds' peace on this day. It is down, down, and down with him; and it ever will be."

Mr. Danesbury turned away, for other guests were close upon them; and now they came rapidly.

When all had arrived, they sat down in the dining room to a slight mid-day meal, cold, with chocolate and coffee. Arthur presided. His fair wife, truly a help meet for him, both in person and mind, sat at his right hand, Lord Temple beyond her, and Isabel on the other side of Arthur. They were all anxious to know how the "scheme" worked, Mr. St. George being especially eager, not to say satirical in his inquiries.

"Arthur's gin-palace," merrily put in Mrs. Philip Danesbury.

"You opened it in April," cried Mr. St. George. "How did it answer, and how has it progressed?"

Mr. Danesbury smiled.

"I made use of a *ruse*, to keep them for the first month," he began, "tricked them into it, as the men now, good-humoredly, say, and I think that was my strong point in the plan. Had they been at liberty to secede at pleasure, few would have remained beyond a night or two; when the novelty had worn off, away they would have gone again, to their dearly-loved beer shops."

"Yes; undoubtedly Mr. Danesbury was wise enough to hit upon the right course, when he bound the men to him for a whole month," interposed Squire Hanson, a neighboring gentleman and magistrate. "I had my doubts about its succeeding; I confess it; for I was in his confidence almost from the first; but I am rejoiced to be able to say that my doubts have been dispelled, and his hopes realized."

"All the men, who had embraced the proposition to patronize my gin-shop," continued Arthur, laughing, "remained firm to their word passed to me, and came regularly."

"Then the whole of your operatives did not embrace it?" interrupted Mr. St. George.

"More than three-fourths of them did; the rest hesitated, alarmed at my conditions. At the month's end, they had become, most of them, reconciled to the change; they could not fail to perceive the great benefit it was to their minds, their bodies, and their pockets. The public house, intoxicating drinks, confusion, and expense; the master's house, (for that is what they have taken to call it,) clear heads, sociability, peace, and economy; besides, a few had actually begun to prefer the cup of coffee to the jugs of beer, and not a few were gathering a glimmering idea of the solemn fact, that they were different from the brute creation, and perhaps had not been sent into the world to live as such, and then die off and be forgotten."

Mr. Danesbury paused. But none interrupted him, and he resumed.

"At the month's end, I bargained with them for another month; I knew it was useless to demand, or attempt, too much at first; for our fellow-men must be led, not driven. I spoke to them, as I had spoken at the onset. After touching upon the advantages of the plan, which had then become obvious to themselves, I said, 'Will you be my guests for one more month, and oblige me? but, remember, if you enter upon the month, you must complete it.' Nearly all assented."

"Nearly all?"

"I think there were seven or eight only who did not. I suppose they had given way to the old longing for liquor, and could not, or would not, resist the returning to it. But, as a set-off against these deserters, four or five of the first refusers voluntarily joined us, and are with us still. At the end of the second month, the men spoke up, of themselves, and said they hoped to stay on at the master's house for good, and never to go from it again. I told them that nothing should be wanting on my part to induce them to patronize it; that fresh supplies of books, as they were required, should be furnished, with the daily and weekly newspapers; that I should be very frequently among them; and the light and warmth, the cup of coffee and bread-and butter should welcome them. I consider it a wonderful victory, and am thankful for it. I trust—I do trust"—here his voice trembled a little—"that, even in this short period, they, and I, are already beginning to reap the reward; and I feel within me a perfect conviction, that a Higher Help, than any poor efforts or plans of mine, has been sending a blessing upon it."

What was the matter with Mrs. Danesbury? Her eyes were cast down, and the tears were dropping on her flushed cheeks. Arthur glanced at her, and knew that her emotion arose from love to him."

"I will say this," resumed Mr. Danesbury, "that since the men have been brought into contact with enlightened conversation and intelligence, their minds, short as the time is, have opened in a remarkable degree."

"Say, rather, since their leisure hours have *not been rendered useless, and their senses* stupified Arthur," *interrupted Mrs. Philip* Danesbury. "Formerly, it was work all day, and drink all night; how could they grow out of their ignorance then?"

"I can tell you, better than anybody, how the scheme works in private," cried out old Mr. Pratt, "and that's first rate. There have been no beatings of wives since the master's house was opened, or calls upon my sticking-plaster. Formerly they used to sulk home, half stupid, or reel home, swearing and abusive, all of which was vented on the unfortunate wives. Now they go home like cucumbers, cool and tranquil, upon good terms with themselves, and consequently upon good terms with others. Some of them are positively putting by money towards buying blankets for winter; a thing they never did before."

"But it bears better fruits than blankets," observed William Danesbury. "Many of them, after a three months' trial of coffee, do prefer it to beer or gin, as their evening beverage. You may not easily credit this," he added, lifting his eyes to the strangers present, "but, nevertheless, it is a fact. The next improvement we intend to have a try at, is to make them water-drinkers in their own homes at mid day."

"When my wife shall have persuaded the women into rendering their homes something like homes, which she will set about forthwith," interposed Mr. Danesbury.

"And not pig-sties and scolding-dens," put in the old surgeon.

"But do you consider that beer with their dinner can do workmen harm?" inquired a voice.

"It will do them no good," said Arthur Danesbury, "even if they should confine themselves to a moderate quantity. But you very rarely find a working man do this, whatever may be his grade. I pray you not to mistake me," he hastily added; "I do not imply that a steady working man takes too much with his dinner, in the meaning we give to the term 'too much;' but his taking it at dinner leads him to take it afterwards. Suggest to an artisan to leave off his beer. 'Leave off my beer!' he will answer you, 'I should never have strength to go through my day's work.' There lies the fallacy. It is a most mistaken conclusion. Beer gives a passing excitement, which lasts for the moment and appears like strength, but the effect goes speedily off, leaving the man weaker than he was before, and insupportably weary. Inquire of any workman, whether, after drinking beer, he does not feel a lassitude creep over him at his work, an inclination to sit down and be idle. He does; and he believes he wants 'supporting,' and sends for another pint and drinks it, to give that support; and so it goes on, beer and lassitude, beer and lassitude, and beer again all the day through."

But, allow me to put in a word myself, although it is interrupting Mr. Danesbury.—Working man—you who read this—and I hope a great many of you will read it—have you ever tried to do without beer at your dinner? Never; you have always believed it to be as necessary to you as the dinner itself. Oh, try it now! Substitute water; make the effort, and give it a fair trial; if you find my theory wrong, and yours right, take to the beer again. Do not drink the water for one solitary day; that would be of no use. For the first day and the second, and perhaps for five or six days, you will make a wry face over the water, and gulp it down, as you will say, "against the grain," and protest that you dislike it, as compared to your much-relished beer. But persevere. If you have fought the battle for so long, you can fight it still, and you will find that you are losing your dislike to the water. Persevere a little while, and you will begin to doubt (in spite of your prejudices, your wondering disbelief,) whether you are not getting to like the water. Still a little longer, and there is no doubt about it, and you find your body is stronger for work, and your head clearer; no lassitude or inertness or disinclination for labor will creep over you now. And when the battle is won, and you find you *have* persevered, persevere on; if you ever relapse, it will be your own deliberate fault.

And now I will tell you another thing. Were it convenient for you to drink a small cup of coffee after your dinner, before leaving for work again, the support and energy it will give you, both mental and bodily, are wonderful; and it is not a false energy that will fade away; it will do you good service till evening. He who is here called Arthur Danesbury, one a vast deal wiser and better than I am, knew its invigorating properties; knew it by self-experience. Tell your wife to make a small cup ready for you, and one for herself, if she likes, not for the children; and in a short time you will thank me for having suggested it. In summer, when the mid-day fire is out, it can be made at breakfast time, and taken cold; never mind the milk. It will not cost much; not half as much as your dinner beer. And that's all I wished to say to you.

"One good result the plan has effected," resumed Squire Hanson, "is, that two public houses and three beer shops have been already obliged to shut up, lacking customers."

"I am glad to hear that," said Lady Temple. "There were so many."

"I have done what I can," said Arthur. "I will do what I can, *so long as* I am spared health and strength and means. I felt that it was incumbent on me to strive to raise my dependants out of the degraded habits they were pursuing; a positive duty laid in my path; a sin that would rest at my door if I supinely neglected it."

There was a pause. It was broken by Mr. St. George.

"Now that Mr. Danesbury has had his say, I must have mine. Do you know, sir, that when the report of these doings, this wild scheme, reached town, you were looked upon by practical, matter-of-fact men as being a little touched here?"

Mr. St. George tapped his forehead as he spoke, and his keen eyes twinkled with merriment.

"I daresay it was so," laughed Arthur. "I believe a debate took place in Eastborough, amongst my brother magistrates, whether it might not be prudent to send for a doctor and keeper from Bedlam."

"I assure you," resumed Mr. St. George, "I *had my own doubts. Not as to your sanity: no, I don't say that; but as to whether you* were not subsiding into a visionary; and the fear has chiefly brought me down to-day. 'You can't go,' said Serle to me, when the invitation came. 'I'll try,' said I, 'for it's right that somebody should see after Danesbury;' and in spite of the law courts away I came."

"Walter! how can you utter such nonsense?" remonstrated his wife.

"Nonsense? Well, I'll go to the sober fact, then," said Mr. St. George, changing his tone to one of earnestness. "Danesbury, I don't know if there's another man living who would have thought of such a scheme; or would have dared to put it in practice, if he had thought of it. He would have feared ridicule."

Mr. Pratt put his hale old face across the table, and spoke meaningly. "Is there another man living, such as Arthur Danesbury? And can ridicule approach *him?*"

"I can only say, then," said Arthur, in reply to Mr. St. George, "that if I have been the first to set the example, I hope others will follow it. But will you mention to me where lies, or may appear to lie, the insane points of the plan?"

Mr. St. George considered. "I suppose they lie in the supplying of coffee and bread-and-butter," quoth he, rubbing his nose. "Serle said, that was a proof which no lunacy commissioner would ever get over."

A general laugh went round. "That's the only part I deemed to be extravagant," observed Lord Temple, when it had subsided. "It did certainly strike me as being so."

"Singular, not extravagant," returned Arthur. "Or—well—if you like—let us admit that the coffee point is extravagant—but there are two meanings to the word, you know. And, if you like, I will allow that my binding down the men from month to month was also somewhat unusual; but what else is there to complain of?"

"Why—it's a completely Utopian scheme altogether, you know, Danesbury. There's so much of the ideal in it."

"The ideal!" repeated Arthur; "you must mean the real. Many and many a British master, employing numbers, has opened a place for his men in an evening, where they find lights, fires, and appropriate literature, to while away the leisure hours. My father opened a reading-room; but it did not take. In what does my plan differ? save that I take a personal interest in it, and give them coffee and bread-and-butter?"

"Ah!" said Mr. St. George, shaking his head, "I fear it is that coffee that has done it."

"In two senses of the word," returned the magistrate, laughing. "Done the men out of their evening beer, and done Mr. Danesbury out of his reputation as a sane man."

"My poor operatives were going headlong on the downward road, as all must do, who drink beyond their means," interposed the quiet voice of Arthur, "and I felt that I was in a measure answerable for them. Visionary again, you will say; but I am naturally of a

thoughtful nature, possessing, I believe, a large share of the bump that phrenologists call conscientiousness; and past events in my family have tended to make me reflect deeply, more so than many do. I, gifted with a full portion of intellect, of intelligence, of means, was placed in authority over this body of unthinking men: I paid them fair wages for the work they did for me, and I often gave them good counsel; but the conviction arose, and pressed itself forcibly upon me, that our relations ought not to end there: that I ought to endeavor to help them out of their darkness. I determined to try some scheme. I formed my resolution——" Here his voice faltered in hesitation, but he rallied from it, and proceeded in a low, impressive tone—"as I stood over the tomb that contains my father, my mother, my brothers, and my father's second wife; all of these, had strong drink, either through their own failing for it, or the failing of others, contributed to hasten to the grave. I was standing there without premeditation. I had been walking through Eastborough, a night walk, and had seen the men flocking into the public houses, and there I made my resolve—to *try*—whether I should succeed or fail. A faint notion of the scheme, I afterwards carried out, dawned then upon me. The difficulty was, *how* could I draw them from the public-houses? what possible inducement could I offer in their stead? What should you have done?"

"I!" cried Mr. St. George. "Don't ask me. The terrors of the law, a five shilling fine, and the treadmill, are the only persuasions I understand."

Another smile went round; it would have been a laugh, but for Mr. Danesbury's solemn earnestness.

"I pondered over it long," he resumed. "I thought—'If I am to while away these men from one indulgence, I must substitute another, and I must see if I cannot bring them to like the substitute as well, in time, as the lost indulgence.' It is all very well to put a reflective man upon his own good sense; to impress upon him that, to be temperate, is a duty he may not transgress, unless he would offend God, and injure himself; my poor operatives had not attained to reflection, and I knew it would be of no use going to work in that way. Therefore, I hit upon the coffee-scheme, and the binding down the men to it for a certain period. I could not think of anything better; and I honestly confess that, were it now to fail, I do not know that I could devise any better plan. It was an uncertain venture, but it was worth the risk."

"It will not fail now, Mr. Danesbury," said Squire Hanson.

"I don't fancy it will, squire," observed Mr. St. George. "The binding down the men to attend; that binding down accomplished the business. But this will be a pretty cost out of your pocket yearly," he added to Arthur.

"Not very much. Little, indeed, in comparison with the welfare of so many souls. Ought I to begrudge it to them, from my ample means?"

"Mrs. Danesbury may be less generously inclined; and may let you know that she is, in sundry curtain lectures."

"Mrs. Danesbury married me with her eyes open, and my plans with me," returned Arthur, nodding to his wife with a merry smile. "I expect she will be wanting her share of cost also, when she begins upon the wives, and the schools for the children."

"Your treasure will never weigh down your banker's chests, if you go on at many of these 'costs,'" said Mr. St. George.

"There is such a thing as another sort of treasure to be accumulated," answered Arthur, gently; "a Treasure that will stand us in good stead, when that, which we lodge at bankers' houses, shall take to itself wings and flee away."

"Well," concluded Mr. St. George, breaking a pause of silence, "I shall convey word back to Serle that you are neither insane nor a visionary; but a man who has had the wisdom to look his responsibilities in the face, and the courage to act upon them. And all I can say is, I hope your much-cared for men will reap permanent benefit; and you a rich reward."

"And when you hear my scheme laughed at for its extravagance, by those who, like myself, are placed in authority over the ignorant and the improvident, relate to them what mine is doing. Tell them that the extravagance consists only in the idea, not in the working, and that Arthur Danesbury hopes to see many others such, raised by the masters, in his native land."

When they rose from luncheon, Lord Temple linked his arm for a moment within that of William Danesbury.

"Let me have a word with you, William," he said. "Is it all serene? Isabel declares it is. She says she can read it in your face."

"Quite. For six months I have touched nothing. I begin to wonder now at my former marvellous infatuation, and at the difficulty I experienced in tearing myself from it. I can truly say I have conquered."

"It was difficult at first."

"Ay," answered William, with a deep breath, "it verily was difficult. But the difficulty is over. You might put wine and beer and spirits before me now, all poured out in glasses, and I should withstand them all. I *like* water now."

"As I told you you would. What a happy company we are to day!" continued Lord Temple; "thinking, rational beings, aware of our responsibility—as St. George remarked with regard to Arthur—and striving to act up to it, firm in our self-reliance. God has been very merciful to us; you and I, William, have especial cause to say it."

"I thought the only face which bore a shade was that of Mrs. St. George."

"She was contrasting things here with her own family, I imagine. Her brothers are squandering their father's money, and one or two of them drinking wholesale. There goes Arthur; I never was so proud of him as I am to-day. Pratt is right, in saying that there's hardly such another man on the face of the earth."

Arthur Danesbury had given his arm to his wife, and was proceeding to the tent. The guests followed. A hearty English dinner of roast beef and plum pudding had been disposed of by its occupants; but their drink was water, succeeded by a cup of coffee. Tea, with ample accompaniments, was to come in the evening. It was the first meeting of master and men since the former's return; they rose in a body, and their acclamations rent the air. Not one around stood as proudly as did Thomas Harding, who was at the head of one of the tables; proud, like Lord Temple of Arthur Danesbury, of the master whom he so loved and reverenced. Mr. Danesbury held up his hand for silence.

"My men, I am delighted to see you all again," he began, in his cheering way. "Have you relished your dinner?"

To assure him that they had, was needless; and he made another motion for silence.

"I did not order you beer; I expressly desired that it should not be given to you. Not that I had any pleasure in depriving you to-day of your ordinary dinner drink, or that I hoped to force you suddenly to relinquish it. But I wished to afford you one self-convincing proof how far more full of energy you will be this afternoon, how much lighter and pleasanter you will feel, although I daresay you have some of you, eaten enough for six," (great laughter) "than you do when you drink the beer; in short, how far more capable you will find yourselves, whether for work or for enjoyment. You shall honestly tell me to night if it be not so, and we will talk further another time about the expediency of your adopting it for your mid-day meal."

Symptoms of applause again, but Mr. Danesbury continued.

"I am truly gratified to hear that, during my month's absence, none of you have deserted to the opposition house over the way; but that two or three have voluntarily returned to mine. My men, what motive do you suppose I had, in instituting this evening refuge, and in drawing you to it?"

"Our good," responded a voice.

"Just so. Your good, and that of your wives and families; your good in this world, and your good in the next. Oh, my friends, I have your welfare very much at heart; believe me, it causes me many a sleepless and anxious night. I have a duty to perform to you, as you have to me, a duty appointed by God; and in the next world, whether you and I are alike hastening, how shall we answer to Him, if we have neglected it? I want to lead you towards that better world; to show you how you may get there. So long as you were sunk in your previous bad and careless habits, you were not advancing to it. Were you?"

No. Conscience rose up before them, and they hung their heads sorrowfully.

"But I *do* think many of you are advancing now. A little bit: it cannot come all at once; there must be a beginning to all things. One of the greater of the prophets, in speaking of men who had erred 'through wine and strong drink,' says that, to those who would learn knowledge and understand doctrine, precept must be upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little. And, by persevering on, step by step, a little and a little, it will come to you. I hope; I trust"—he looked from one table to another affectionately—"that the time will come when you will all spend your evenings with me, without one exception. I say with me, because I shall often look in upon you. Some amongst you," he added, "still remember my mother. My good women, I speak now to you."

Yes, many did. They looked up eagerly.

"And you remember that she was all kindness to you; she would have been ever so, had she lived. But she is gone, and others have gone, and there is now another Mrs. Danesbury; my wife, whom I hold upon my arm. She will be to you and your families what my mother was. She is anxious to be so, to befriend and help you all; and I know that you will welcome her for my sake, until you have learned to welcome and love her for her own."

A deeper shout than ever filled the tent, meant for Mrs. Danesbury, and Mary turned her hot face towards her husband, hoping to hide her raining tears.

"Courage, my darling," he whispered, fondly glancing down upon her. "Be not ashamed of their seeing your tears, Mary; tears are passports to hearts, you know."

And when the murmur had subsided, Mr. Danesbury resumed to the men.

"You have been pleased to say that you have hitherto found me a considerate master; and you shall find me one. If you do as I wish you, and strive to be good men, single-hearted in the sight of your Maker, I will be more indulgent to you than I have yet been. Will you not strive to be so for your own sakes?"

"Aye, that they would!" Though some of them could scarcely promise it; for their hearts and eyes were full.

"Oh, my dear friends," concluded Arthur Danesbury, with solemn earnestness, "listen to my counsel, for it is born of anxiety for you. By the exercise of a little persevering self denial, you will find great reward. I will do what I can to encourage you to exercise it. Your Saviour—your all-merciful Saviour—is looking down upon us; now, as I speak, and you listen; he is waiting for you to choose the good, and reject the evil; waiting to aid all who ask for his help. May you—and I—and all of us—be so strengthened in our labors here, that when they are over, we may find him waiting to receive us hereafter; waiting to welcome us with his own blessed words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

"Amen, Amen!" [THE END.]

☞ The fine verse of the Oriental bard, Ibu ul Mutaza, in vindication of chess, has been thus translated:

Oh, thou whose cynic sneers express,
The censure of our favorite chess,
Know that its skill is Science's self,
Its play distraction from distress.
It soothes the anxious lover's care;
It wears the drunkard from excess;
It counsels warriors in their art,
When dangers threat and perils press;
And yields us, when we need them most,
Companions in our loneliness."

☞ A man from the country, whose wife had eloped and carried off the feather-bed, was in Louisville in search of them—not that he cared anything about the wife, "but the feathers," said he, "them's worth forty-eight cents a pound."

POLITICAL NEWS.

NEW JERSEY.—The Bell and Everett Convention, the Democratic State Committee (or Breckinridge) Convention, and the Douglas Convention, met all three recently in Trenton, on the same day.

The Convention called by the Democratic State Committee consisted of 420 supporters of Breckinridge and 120 supporters of Douglas; this body nominated a Fusion Electoral ticket, consisting of three Breckinridge men, three Bell men, and one Douglas man; if the vote of the State will elect any one of the three candidates then all these Electors are to go for him; if not, they are to vote as they please, provided that in no event are they to vote for Lincoln.

The Bell and Everett Convention nominated a full Bell Electoral ticket, including the three Bell men on the Fusion ticket, and giving the State Committee power to fill vacancies.

The straight Douglas Convention, which was called by the New Jersey member of the Douglas National Committee, nominated a full Douglas Electoral ticket, not including the Douglas man on the Fusion ticket. This Convention was decidedly opposed to any fusion.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Hon. John Hickman made a speech in this city, last week, avowing his intention of supporting Lincoln. The speech contained a severe denunciation of Mr. Douglas's course on the Slavery question, preferring that of Mr. Breckinridge, as outspoken and evident, while that of Douglas, he charged, was concealed and tricky. The speech created considerable excitement among the friends of Douglas, and will probably call forth numerous replies. It is understood that John B. Haskin will reply at West Chester, in Mr. Hickman's District.

The Harrisburg Patriot gives the names of fifty-four Democratic journals of this State which advocate supporting one Electoral ticket. Fourteen of these journals are for Douglas, fourteen support Breckinridge, and the others express no preference for either.

WISCONSIN.—At the recent election in Milwaukie, the Republican candidate for Treasurer was elected by 932 majority. About 2,000 Germans are said to have gone over to the Republicans, the usual Democratic majority being about 3,000.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The *Constitution* says there will be no electoral ticket for Douglas and Johnson. The *North Carolina Standard* has hoisted the flag of Breckinridge and Lane. On the other hand, prominent Douglas men in that State declare that an electoral ticket for Douglas will be brought out at no distant day.

TEXAS.—A private letter from Texas, received at Washington, says that General Houston has determined to run as an independent candidate for the Presidency. He has made this public announcement in view of the rumor that he would withdraw in favor of Mr. Bell.

NEW YORK.—A letter has been published from Gerrit Smith, giving his views on the Presidential question. Mr. Smith says that he can neither vote for Lincoln, Breckinridge, Bell, Douglas, nor Houston, and denominates temperance, freedom, and the "irrepressible conflict" as his platform. In conclusion, Mr. Smith entertains but little hope for temperance or freedom in our day.

ARKANSAS.—The three candidates for the Governor of Arkansas are Thomas Hubbard, Richard H. Johnson, and Henry M. Rector—"Tom, Dick and Harry."

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Democratic State Committee have decided to call a State Convention to meet on the 6th of September. A resolution endorsing the Breckinridge and Lane nomination was defeated by a tie vote.

PENNSYLVANIA DOUGLAS CONVENTION.—The Douglas State Convention met at Harrisburg on the 26th. Hendrick B. Wright was elected President. Charles Brown, of Philadelphia, said that, if the party were to be defeated now, they would lay anew the foundation of the Democratic party, in which there should be no seceders. The resolutions call on the State Committee to rescind their former action, and, in case of their refusal, authorize the call for an election of delegates to a new State Convention. They sustain the platform of the Reading State Convention, favor the election of General Foster, and demand an Electoral ticket pledged to Douglas and Johnson.

HORSEMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Horseman, spare that tree!
'Tis not a hitching post;
Though in its infancy,
Yet soon 'twill shade a host.
Then spare, oh, spare that tree,
For he who placed it there
Meant not that it should be
By beast of thine gnawed bare.

☞ A Scotchman asked an Irishman "Why were half farthings coined in England?" The answer was: "To give Scotchmen an opportunity to subscribe to charitable institutions!"

☞ The entrance to a woman's heart is through her eye or ear. But Napoleon said, the way to a man's heart was down his throat. Good house-wives understand this, and accordingly are more attentive to the quality of their husbands' dinners than to the odor of the flowers which adorn the table.

☞ GARIBALDI ABOLISHES HAND KISSING.—Garibaldi has abolished the practice of hand-kissing. Lip-kissing, being old as Eve's birth, on creation's morn, even so radical a reformer as the deliverer of Sicily couldn't abolish it if he would, and probably he wouldn't abolish it if he could.

☞ Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

☞ An Arkansas traveller says that he knew a young fellow down South, who was so fond of a young woman that he rubbed off his nose kissing her shadow on the wall.

☞ If you want to have a man for your friend, never incur the ill-will of his wife. Public opinion depends, in a great measure, on the average prejudices of womankind.

☞ Don't be in too great a hurry, girls, to fall in love with the young men. It often happens that your hearts are no sooner theirs than theirs are no longer yours.

☞ The author of "Seacliff" says that the American is the only person who knows what to do with the small of his back. He sits on it.

☞ 1st BURGLARIOUS PROFESSIONAL: "Ain't they put out them lights yet, Jim?"—2d ditto: "Not a bit on it; all the winders is blazin' away as if they didn't never mean to put 'em out at all!"—1st ditto: "Wot a shame to keep a feller out of his bed in this way! Why can't they go to bed like Christians?" [*Time, 3 A. M.*]

☞ At an evening party, a gentleman carving a chicken asked a lady what part she preferred. "I will take a foot handle," she said.

☞ WISDOM.—There is a wisdom that looks grave, and sneers at merriment; and again a deeper wisdom, that stoops to be gay as often as occasion serves, and even avails itself of shallow and trifling grounds of mirth, because if we wait for more substantial ones, we seldom can be gay at all.

THE GREAT METEOR.

Day after day we learn, as our mails arrive from more and more distant parts, further particulars of the great meteor. It was seen in the States of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Michigan, and at Washington City. The British schooner Achieve, saw it two hundred miles out at sea, in latitude 37 deg. 10 min. north, longitude 73 deg. 15 min. Everywhere it is described, just as it was in this city, as being nearly over the heads of the spectators, and within a short distance of them. A gentleman in Pike county, found the "hole it made, in his ground," but all the energy he lent to the digging for it failed to realize any fragments thereof. Another confident gentleman in Bridgeport, Conn., saw a "piece of it" pass through the window of a house, but on examination, the window was intact, and there was not a trace of the fiery visitant. At present we find that it was seen over a space of four degrees of latitude, and about five of longitude.

Professor Pierce, of Hamilton College Observatory, Clinton, New York, gives this description and speculation concerning it:—

"A splendid meteor was seen this evening at 9h. 45m. It moved slowly over the north-western horizon near Alpha Virginus, through the constellations of Libra, Ophinobus, Sagittarius, Capricornus, passing a little above Eta Opinobi and Mars, and disappearing on the horizon southeast—thus describing the half of a great circle of the sphere, in a time of from fifteen to twenty seconds. The breaking through the clouds of its light was very beautiful. When arrived in the south west it scattered into pieces, entirely similar to a rocket, or rather, an exploding bombshell, with white and blue colors, the principal mass, whitish, proceeding in its course, followed closely by some smaller, reddish pieces. From its slow motion, and the circumstance that it moved apparently in a great circle, we may conclude that the meteor was very far off, and in a great elevation above the surface of the earth. Its real velocity, however, must have surpassed that of the earth, as both moved in the same direction. No noise was perceived, and indeed, assuming only one hundred miles as probably a minimum distance, the sound could not have reached us but full ten minutes after. What has become of the principal mass? It may either have gone off again into space, following a destined orbit, or it may have been consumed, burned to ashes in our atmosphere, or it may have fallen as a meteoric stone upon the earth. In the latter case, it is probable that it dropped into the Atlantic."

We learn that the following rough and *approximate* path of the meteor has been deduced by Prof. Bond, of the Observatory of Harvard College, which may of course, be considerably varied by other or more accurate observations. The meteor passed over the northern part of Pennsylvania in a nearly easterly course, over or near the north part of New Jersey, the S. E. corner of New York and Long Island Sound, and fell into the ocean S. E. of Nantucket. It was distant about 100 miles from Boston, when bearing south of us. Its altitude was about 30 miles above the sea, to the south of New Bedford. Its velocity was about twenty or thirty miles a second. It was seventy or eighty miles from the Baltimore steamer, whose masts "it just grazed," and yet further from the observer, who "dodged it" in Waltham.

CALIFORNIA NEWS.—Judge Terry was acquitted of the offence of killing Senator Broderick in a duel, by a jury in Marion county. The witnesses establishing the guilt of Terry were all on their way from San Francisco to Marion, in a small boat. They were delayed so that they did not reach the court house until about 12 o'clock. Judge Hardy opened the Court at 9 A. M. The District Attorney announced that his witnesses had not made their appearance. The case went to the jury without a word of testimony, and under the charge of Judge Hardy, a verdict of acquittal was rendered before 10 o'clock. A legal burlesque this.

The wheat and barley crop is pretty well [illegible] plus for export is higher than ever before.

Considerable quantities of ore continue to arrive at San Francisco from the Washoe mines. About fifty tons have arrived within ten days, worth from $2,000 to $3,000 per ton. It is ground to an impalpable powder, when its value is determined by chemical analysis. It is then put up in 120 pound packages, and can be sold to the agents of the Rothschilds for shipment to England within a fraction of its true value. Not less than $500,000 worth of this ore will arrive within a month. The multitude have abandoned the idea of hunting new mines, and capitalists are realizing handsome returns from the astonishingly rich comstock lead already discovered.

RATHER TOO ROMANTIC.—A short time since, says a correspondent of The Philadelphia Press, two young ladies from New York were on a visit at the residence of the Superintendent of the Great Forrest Improvement Company's Mines, in the Schuylkill coal region, and determined upon exploring one of the mines. After making the descent, and while some distance in, it was discovered that the earth had caved in, blocking up the entrance and cutting off their egress. Upon examination it was found that it would take three days to effect an opening. After a brief consideration of their position, one of the three men (miners) who were with them, was reminded of an air-shaft, through which, possibly, they might make their escape. He went to make an examination of it, and returned in two hours, reporting that it was in very bad condition, and that it would require much more labor to make the ascent. They gladly accepted the task, and in two hours more succeeded in reaching the top safely. When at their residence, and after a full consideration of their peril, they very naturally, and at the proper time, sank into a swoon.

MAKING SHOES BY STEAM.—We find in the Boston Traveller the following description of a steam shoe factory in Vermont, which is in successful operation:

"There is a steam shoe factory in Saxton's river, Vermont, owned by D. F. Murphy, Esq., of this city, where all the hand labor used about a shoe is in lasting on the uppers. The soles are cut, rolled, levelled, and then shaped by machinery. They are blacked, polished and pegged by machinery. They are also bound, stitched, punched and sand-papered by machinery. The establishment contains room for four hundred hands, none of whom require any of the old familiar tools or the shoe bench. The goods at present cost full as much as shoes made by hand labor, but the style and finish is far superior to hand work. This advantage, besides the rapidity with which the goods can be manufactured, has made the experiment of an entire departure from hand labor already successful.

ANOTHER NOBLE BENEFACTION.—John Rose, of New York, died a few months since, and left, by his will, $300,000 to purchase a farm upon which to place such destitute children in New York as might be placed under the guardianship of the "Rose Benevolent Association." One of the conditions was that a like sum should be raised by others. At a meeting recently held in New York, the trustees of the People's College, at Havana, reported that Charles Cook, of that place, was ready to contribute the additional $300,000, provided the farm and institution should be located at that place.—*Albany Journal.*

AN English gentleman's servant is held for trial in Naples, accused of blasphemy in saying that a beautiful and attractive woman is of more value than an angel.

NICE AND ROMANTIC—BLINDNESS CURED BY MATRIMONY.—A Cincinnati paper says, that a physiological wonder occurred, a short time since, in that city, which will doubtless prove as interesting to our readers as it already has to physiologists and oculists. A young and exceedingly interesting girl, residing on Eighth street, whose name is suppressed from motives of delicacy, and whose amiable disposition, elegant manners, and placid beauty of soul had endeared her to all who knew her, was, a year or two ago, compelled to discontinue her studies, and leave school, in consequence of a partial loss of eye-sight, that threatened to become total. She was entirely unable to read, and, although she could see well enough to enable her to walk about, visit her friends, and entertain them when they called upon her, the threatened loss of sight gave her much annoyance, and aroused the sympathies of all who became acquainted with the facts. A number of our most skillful physicians were employed by the family, and she was even taken to some of our most noted oculists; but all their learning, dexterity, and management proved unavailing. Her eyes looked healthy, were beautifully pensive in their expression, and seemed deep as her soul was pure, but they were nevertheless to her almost wholly useless.

Notwithstanding this rather melancholy physical defect, a young man, who had long been devoted to her, offered her his hand in marriage. She demurred, and through an excess of affection, refused to bestow it upon the man who had long since won her heart—stating that she never would consent to become a burthen upon the man she loved. For a long time he persisted in his suit—and at length, through his prayers and sighs, made her believe that life without her, even if she were wholly blind, were better than a paradise where she was not. A month or two ago, her resolution was rescinded, and she became his wife, and, strange as it may seem, from that day, her eyesight began to improve, and she is now able to read the finest print by gas-light, without pain, and without any apparent optical injury. The case has caused considerable sensation among those who are conversant with the circumstances. Apart from its significance as a well-established ocular fact, it is a practical illustration of what has been clearly and wittily said, "That Love is blind, but Hymen is the oculist who alone can open his eyes."

MR. SPURGEON AND THE NOBILITY.—At Abercarn, the other day, Mr. Spurgeon preached in a field to at least 20,000 people. Among those present were the Lord-Lieutenant of Monmouthshire and Mrs. H. Leigh; Lord Tredegar, Lady Tredegar, and the family; Lord Llanover, Lady Llanover, and the family; and a large number of the leading gentry of the county. Previous to commencing worship, it was represented to the preacher that it would be advisable for the large concourse of people to move aside, to enable the several carriages and four to approach near the platform; upon which he replied that he did not come there to preach to horses, but to men; four horses and carriage would occupy the ground of fifty people, and therefore the horses and carriages must remain where they were. After the service, the Lord-Lieutenant sent for Mr. Spurgeon and invited him to visit Pontypool; but Mr. Spurgeon replied that he was sorry he could not comply with his lordship's wish, as he had full engagements for the next two years.—*Cardiff and Merthyr (England) Guardian.*

A CASE OF DISTRESS PROMPTLY TREATED.—The Burlington Times has the following: "Dr. C., a popular and widely-practicing physician of Leroy, N. Y., received a letter not long since, calling for his professional services in so urgent and unique a style that we publish it verbatim. How it came into our possession is nobody's business. It is entirely authentic as follows:

"'Hounoured Sir

"'A case kums before your notis of the most feelin kind. It is a case of the Diarea in aul its wust. We place grate confidens on you, especially the people of these parts. I cal on you to kum down as soon as you read the contents of this letthure—by so doin you will do an act of charity to the Diarea witch is the divil's own malidy.

"'Believe me yours intirely,
"'p e e p e e.

"'N. B.—Com to here O'Neils corner convanient to Widder Lynches Grosery.'

"The doctor went, and the 'divil's own malidy' was immediately squelched!"

THE QUEEN'S VERSES.—The best of us sometimes fall into traps and scrapes when least expected. The residents at Court are not exempt from this danger, and it was most humorously exemplified at B——— Palace only a few nights since. A most distinguished and illustrious personage sometimes employs herself by making verses to amuse the royal children. The amiable lady in question had just completed a couplet, of which she herself had but an indifferent opinion, when Col. P——— entered. "See, colonel," said the amiable mother, "what trash they send me to read." The honorable colonel, having read it, said, "Your Majesty is perfectly in the right; it is so." "Did you ever read anything so vile?" "Never, upon my word." "I am happy you tell your mind candidly. I wrote it myself." "Your Majesty!" said the colonel, in confusion, "I read it very hastily." "No, no, colonel, first thoughts are commonly the best. I agree with you, and I shall therefore commit the poem to the flames."—*London Paper.*

HORSE-DEALING FRAUDS.—It appears that dishonest horse-breeders now very frequently practice a fraud by which three-years-old horses are made to pass for more elderly, and consequently more seasoned animals. The age of horses is known by their teeth, and in the natural course of things, shortly after attaining four years old, the last of the small colt-ish teeth disappear, and in a colt two fang-like teeth, called the "tusnes," appear for the first time in a place where there were previously no teeth at all. It has become of late years a common practice in the regular horse breeding districts to do a piece of dentists' work by pulling out the colt-ish teeth before their natural time, and lancing the gums where the tushes come, and thus bring on the teeth of maturity before their time. The animal is also fattened up, so as to look more manly in frame, so to speak. So successfully is this fraud practised, that it often baffles the scrutiny of the cleverest veterinary surgeons.

AN ENGLISH WEATHER INDICATOR.—In several large farm houses in Lancashire, they use the following as a weather indicator: A leech is put into a clear glass bottle full of water, the latter being renewed every second day. If the day is to be wet, the leech lies close at the bottom of the bottle; if the day is to be showery, it occupies a place about the centre (upward) of the bottle; but if the day is to be fine, the creeping thing lies on the surface of the water. A gentleman in this town informs me that he has tried this for the last seven months, and found it worked accurately correct; ten times more so, he says, than any glass, patent or otherwise.

SAFETY AT SEA.—The Journal of Commerce says that the value of air-tight compartments is illustrated by the cruise of the steamship Champion, just arrived from San Francisco, via the Straits of Magellan. Coming through the Straits, she struck a rock—not laid down in the chart—and tore a hole in her bows seven feet long by eight inches wide. The question was, whether to lay-to for repairs among the Patagonians, or take the risk of the homeward trip in that condition. The decision was, to proceed; and by virtue of her air-tight compartments she arrived as if nothing had happened.

NEWS ITEMS.

A FERTILE ISLAND.—An English gentleman has recently been exploring the interior of Sicily, and he found the granary of the Roman Empire groaning under prolific crops of wheat, whose heads averaged 97 grains each. All that is wanted to restore the Island to its pristine glory is a government that would encourage industry and trade. Since the Crimean war, the culture of wheat—two crops a year—has revived amazingly.

SOLIDIFIED MILK.—A solidified milk establishment has just been started at Middletown, Orange county, N. Y. It will require about 1 000 gallons of milk per hour. The water (88 per cent) is extracted from the milk by an evaporating and drying operation, which leaves an article that, by the addition of sugar, may be put up in cans or papers, and kept in a perfect state of preservation any length of time. It can be eaten in a dry state, or is readily soluble on coming in contact with fluid. Many people use it in preference to milk, because it is of necessity a purer article.

PERFECT religious liberty for all Protestants has been proclaimed by the Legislative Assemblies of Parma, Modena, Tuscany, and the Legations—Naples, Venetia, and the Papal States being now the only remaining States of Italy in which the free organization of Protestant congregations are still forbidden. There is a Presbytery of the North of Italy, embracing Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Florence, Malta, Gibraltar, Pau and the Cantons.

IT is expected that the peach crop of Louisiana this year will be so large that the New Orleans market will be overrun, and it is proposed to ship, by express, peaches to the north, where they will arrive several weeks in advance of the season.

THE Sisters of Charity have a house in Buffalo for reclaiming fallen women. Fifty-four penitent Magdalenes have been received and kept for an average of three years, until good habits had been fully established. Then they found places where they might maintain themselves in respectability. One hundred and twelve have been received in the class of "preservation."

A LETTER from Hayti says the emigrants from New Orleans are doing well in the culture of cotton on the plains of the Artibonite. Twenty-four cotton gins were in operation in that quarter.

THE Cuban Messenger says the production of the best cultivated plantations averages 2½ boxes per negro, or 10,000 pounds; but, in the greater part of those estates where modern machinery has not been introduced, only 11 boxes, or 4,750 pounds, of sugar can be reckoned per negro. There are above 2,000 sugar estates in the whole island, and the number increases almost daily. In 1776, there were, in all the island, 473 sugar estates.

COL. Fremont has been giving his testimony for the United States in the matter of the Almaden mine. It made an interesting history of his early life in Yerba Buena. He testified that about the year 1847 he was urged to buy this famous mine for $30 000; but that was an immense sum in those days for California, and he could not think of it.

AFRICAN BEAUTY.—Corpulence is a beauty; girls are fattened to a vast bulk by drenches of curds and cream thickened with flour, and are duly disciplined when they refuse. The Arabs describe them as frequently growing to a monstrous size, like some specimens of female Boers mentioned by early travellers in Southern Africa. Fresh milk is the male, sour the female beverage.—*Burton's Central Africa.*

THE Prince of Wales is said to please the people of Newfoundland immensely by his handsome countenance and mild, gentlemanly bearing.

MINERAL SPRINGS.—There is a cluster of mineral springs in the Kansas gold region, which are famous in Indian traditions as effecting quick cures of almost all diseases. A large hotel is being built near them, and the proprietor of the springs expects to build up a western Saratoga.

WOMAN'S BRAVERY.—A "lone widow," from the State of Missouri, recently arrived at Denver, Pike's Peak, having travelled alone from the Missouri River to this point—her "train" consisting of a yoke of oxen and wagon, a few hens and a quantity of provisions. She had taken care of and driven her cattle without assistance, and made the trip without annoyance either from Indians or white men. By selling eggs to emigrants at $2 per doz., she had accumulated considerable money, and from a small quantity of Hungarian grass seed, purchased at the river for 14 cents, she realized $14. She was about 50 years of age. After remaining a few days, she went on to California, where she once resided, and now proposed to spend her days.

HOW THE SWISS RIFLEMEN SHOOT IN ENGLAND.—Most, if not all, the Swiss sharp-shooters fired (national rifle contest) lying full length upon the ground, taking very cautious and deliberate aim, and generally occupied from ten to twenty seconds in covering the target and measuring the distance with the eye before pulling the trigger. M. Thorel, who not only carries off the Whitworth rifle, but has earned by the same act a qualification to enter the lists for one of the royal prizes on Saturday, astonished all who saw him by the extraordinary precision of his fire. It appears that the old superstition of luck in a "horse-shoe" is rife in Switzerland, as well as in the rural districts of our own country, and our Swiss champion, having, on his way to the common, found one on the road, regarded it as a talisman, and hung it at his breast, where he wore it throughout the day, like an order of merit. Whether it was the miraculous power of the horse-shoe, or his own superior sight and judgment, we will not presume to determine, but certain it is that M. Thorel's shooting astonished everybody who saw it. Three times in succession he hit the centre of the target, a feat not accomplished by any other person, English or foreign, during the day.—*London News, July 6.*

A CALIFORNIA INCIDENT.—The Yreka Journal gives the *denouement* of one of those thousand and one singular incidents which life in California is constantly developing. Mr. Markay left New York in the year 1849, bound for California. He also left a wife and two small children, a little girl of five years, and a boy of three. Last week his family joined him in Scott Valley, after a separation of eleven years. The vicissitudes of California life had furrowed the father's brow; his hair, which was of raven hue, when, with bright hopes and ardent expectations he bid farewell to his wife and children, and set out for the golden land, is now thickly interspersed with silver hue. The little girl is just budding into womanhood, and the baby boy has almost reached man's estate. So long has it been since they parted, and so changed was he, that the wife, when they met, failed to recognize the beloved features of him who, seventeen years ago, had placed the wedding ring upon her finger.

TO TELL THE TIME OF NIGHT BY THE MOON.—To the hour which the moon's shadow indicates on a sun-dial add four-fifths of the moon's age, and the sum will be the time sought; or subtract the hour shown on the dial from four-fifths of the moon's age, and the remainder will be the time sought. The first mode is to be adopted, if the moon's shadow falls on an hour in the afternoon; and the latter if it falls on an hour of the forenoon. In reckoning the moon's age, if the new moon happens in the forenoon, that day must be taken as the first; but if it happened after noon, the following day must be counted as the first.

NEWS ITEMS.

CAUTION.—We are informed that a large number of forged Bank of England notes, bearing date the 15th of February, 1860, are in circulation. They are admirably executed, and bear so close a resemblance in every respect to genuine ones, that the most experienced persons are likely to be deceived by them. The vignette at the heads of the notes defies detection, so closely is it copied from the Bank of England note. The water-mark is not only a perfect imitation in every respect of the paper manufactured for the Bank, but it cannot be removed or obliterated by damping—a test hitherto supposed to be infallible for discovering the genuineness of bank notes.—*London Paper.*

MISS CORNELIA BARBOUR, a daughter of the Hon. James Barbour, of Virginia, formerly Governor of that State, and a member of President J. Q. Adams's Cabinet, has resolved to emancipate her numerous slaves, and locate them in a free State.

A CURIOUS story is told in connection with the winner of the French Derby. It is stated that M. Latache de Fay, when on his death-bed, berged his lady to maintain his stable of racers until she should have won the Derby or should have lost 200 000f. in the effort to do so. What a curious testament for a man to leave his wife! Consoled must the count have been when his loving spouse pledged herself to remain on when he was *under* the turf.

SOUTHERN STATE FAIRS FOR 1860.—Alabama, at Montgomery, October 29, 30, 31, November 1, and 2. Georgia, at Atlanta, October 23, 24, 25, and 26; Fair of the Georgia Cotton Planters' Convention, Macon, December 3d to 29th, inclusive; Kentucky, at Bowling Green, Sept. 18—22; Mississippi, at Jackson, November 6—9; South Carolina, at Columbia, November 13—16; Missouri, at St. Louis October 24—27.

NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.—At the late harvests in Texas, some lands averaged 27 bushels to the acre. The general average is 20 bushels, and is considered a fair yield, in such a season of drought as the present.

MAINE does not gain more than about 20,000 in its population since 1850. It is now about 600,000. A few places like Portland, Biddeford, Lewiston, Rockland, Bangor and Calais have made considerable gains, but nearly all the villages and a vast majority of the agricultural towns are either at a stand still, or exhibit a decrease.

A WELL KNOWN citizen of Albany, Georgia, has forwarded a challenge to Heenan, to fight a negro "boy" down there, for any sum between $1,000 and $10,000, in twelve months from date. Heenan has the proposition under consideration, but he will probably decline, on the ground that his antagonist is a colored person. The said Albany boy stands six feet two inches high, weighs 192½ lbs., and is 27 years of age.

WHEAT CROP OF WISCONSIN.—The Wisconsin papers speak in glowing terms of the wheat crop, and, upon the authorities of dealers, claim that the State will produce 20,000,000 bushels.

A PRESENT TO GARIBALDI.—A French armorer has sent to Garibaldi a gift of a coat of mail, dagger-proof and bullet-proof. Its workmanship is perfect, and it is valued at upwards of 5,000f. It may be worn under the uniform, like a shirt, for it is extremely flexible, light, and portable.

THE CHICAGO ZOUAVES.—General Wool received the Chicago Zouaves, at Troy, and then made a speech, in the course of which he said that he had seen not only the best soldiers in America, but had visited the great military schools of Europe, and had seen many great military reviews in different countries there, but had never seen a body of military equal to the Chicago company for perfection of drill.

SINGULAR USE FOR DOGS.—Edward Sydnor, of Hanover, Virginia, has two pointer dogs, which can worm more tobacco in a day than any two hands he owns. The dogs run along the furrows, and show the greatest sagacity in detecting worms, finding them by the scent and eye. They never injure the plants, and where the field hands overlook the insects, the dogs are sure to find them. The animals devour the insects eagerly, and never give up the chase until they become completely gorged.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.—On Monday week, a young lady, residing in Carlton street, Philadelphia, thought she was tired of life, and to get rid of life, as well as a perfidious lover, visited Fairmount, deliberately took off her hoops, and jumped into the water. Fortunately, where she made the desperate plunge, a rope extended from a derrick, and, as her head came above the surface, she found that the rope was within grasp. She seized it with a ready hand, and then screamed lustily for some one to take her out. This was done, and on reaching the shore she bundled up her hoops, and went home a wetter, if not a wiser woman.

FINE MASON COUNTY (KY.) MULES.—Thos. A. Matthews has on his farm, six miles from this city, two yearling mare mules—said to be the finest mules in Kentucky—one of them being 16 hands ½ inch high, very handsome, and the most perfect in form and action we ever saw. We doubt if her equal can be found anywhere in the United States. She was one year old the 12th of April last. The other is 15 hands 3 inches high, and very handsome—and one year old the 10th of May. Who can beat them? —*Maysville (Ky.) Eagle.*

THERE has been considerable excitement in Northern Texas, on account of recent large fires, and a rumor that they were connected with an insurrectionary movement on election day, in August. Several white men and negroes have been arrested, on suspicion of being concerned in this plot. Prompt and effective measures are being taken for the preservation of life and property.

GOVERNOR PETTUS, of Mississippi, is a private in a volunteer military company in Jackson, and drills regularly and punctually in the ranks.

MRS. SWISSHELM is lecturing on the financial conditions of her creditors. The lecture is for the benefit of her creditors.

ENORMOUS CAPITAL INVESTED.—The capital invested in the coal lands of Pennsylvania is said to be nearly $324 000 000. The canals and slack-water contained within the anthracite coal trade measure 815 miles in length, and cost $40,000,000.

THE funeral of the late venerable Joseph Gales, editor of the National Intelligencer, took place at Washington on the 24th. A large concourse of friends and admirers, including the President, followed the body to the grave.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* says that the marriage between Miss Wuling, of Philadelphia, and the Count Henckel, of Domermark, was broken off through the remonstrances of his friends, who feared a mesalliance. The writer advises American young ladies to remain what they are, "le plus belles filles du monde," and not aspire to coronets and titles.

THERE has been another tremendous tornado out west, at Bracevile, Trumbull county, Ohio. The scene in the course of the tornado is described as most fearful and terrific. The air was full of boards, timbers and branches of trees, and darkened by fierce driving clouds. Several women were killed, several children injured, houses demolished, &c. The length of the space travelled over was about two miles. Within these limits nothing stood before its power. Trees were torn up or twisted off, and houses were razed to the ground, as if by a sweep of the Almighty's hand.

CITY RAILROADS IN ENGLAND.—The city of Birkenhead, in Cheshire, England, situated on the Mersey, opposite to Liverpool, is the first to try the experiment, already so successfully tested in the United States, of hauling a city passenger railway. The contract for building the road has been given to a Bostonian.

CRANBERRIES.—The cranberry crop of Minnesota this year, it is stated, will exceed that of any previous year since the settlement of the country.

THE EVENING STAR.—Venus ceased to be the evening star on the 18th inst, and will be the morning star for the balance of the year. Mars will attend to the duties of the evening star for the present and "until further notice."

AN English clergyman at Halloway Eng., has been detected in preaching the sermons of Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, from the published volumes in this country.

A LONG TELEGRAPHIC STORM.—On Thursday of last week, a violent thunder storm sat in at Cincinnati, which continued for seventy-two hours.

WHEN the Nova Scotians prepared to present the Prince of Wales, first with a Newfoundland dog, and subsequently with a grindstone, human ingenuity was puzzled to discover the appropriateness of the last gift. The most sensible suggestion is, that they intended the grindstone to be tied to the dog's neck, thus enabling the Prince to rid himself, at pleasure, of this rather inconvenient appendage to his travels.—*N. Y. Times.*

A SEED WATERMELON "PATCH."—A market gardener in Southern Indiana has a "patch" containing 1,700 acres, planted in watermelons. His markets are Cincinnati, Louisville New Albany and Chicago.

DRIED APPLES FOR AUSTRALIA.—During the past year, over 100,000 pounds of dried apples have been shipped from Lynchburg, Va., for Australia.

METEORIC IRON.—In Prof. Shepard's cabinet, at Amherst College, Mass., masses of meteoric iron may be seen, which weigh from ten to one thousand or fifteen hundred pounds. At the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C., a mass is exhibited which probably weighs 2,500 to 3,000 pounds, and which fell in New Mexico.

A SABLE HERO.—Last Saturday night week, a negro, in Smith county, Va., observed some ties placed across the track of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, procured a chunk of fire, and stood upon the track waving his torch to warn an approaching train; but the engineer was unable to check the speed in time, and the train ran over the brave fellow, killing him on the spot.

THE RETURN OF THE AMERICAN ASTRONOMERS. —*St. John's, N. F., July 26* —The steamship City of New York has arrived here, on her return from Labrador, whither she conveyed the American astronomical expedition to observe the recent eclipse of the sun.

LARGE SHIPMENTS OF PRODUCE.—A greater amount of produce is now going forward to the Eastern markets than was ever before known. One hundred and eight loaded cars passed over the Wabash Valley Railroad yesterday, and the entire shipment reached Toledo last night. The day previous one or two large trains went into the same place, a great quantity of the produce being shipped from Lafayette. Every canal boat that can be secured along the line of the Wabash and Erie canal, is loaded to the guards with grain, and on the move for Toledo.—*Lafayette (Ind.) Journal.*

THE word "Zouave" is generally and incorrectly pronounced as a word of two syllables. It should be spoken as if written *Zwave*, the *a* having the Italian sound, as in "fan." The name is derived from the Arabic Zouaoua, a confederacy of the Kabyle tribe, who live on the mountains back of Algiers. The original Zouaves in the French service were composed of Arabs from the country near Algiers.

NEW WHEAT.—Several lots of new wheat, which arrived in the Petersburg (Va.) market on the 24th ult, were at once sold at prices varying from $1 28 to $1 40 per bushel. Many farmers in that vicinity think it more profitable to sell at the earliest opportunity, believing that the weight of the grain, when first got out, and the saving of waste, will more than pay for any loss they can sustain by a subsequent rise in prices.

The Philadelphia *Press* says of the diving operations on Atlantic City for a sunk cargo of quicksilver:—"Its a curious sight to see the diver being lowered and hoisted to and from the wreck, enclosed in copper and gutta percha. His hands are bare, nothing on them, and as a protection from sharks has a large knife strapped to him, to use if necessary. He says, however, they are cowardly and easily frightened away. They are attracted around the sunken hull, from a part of the cargo being composed of hides."

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The London correspondent of the *New Orleans Delta* writes as follows relative to the Prince of Wales:

"He is a quiet lad, with no fast propensities, a little delicate, and small of figure, and I doubt not that there are many who will see the likeness at once to old George III., which I think is somewhat marked in this young Prince. He has been brought up free from prejudice, even free from religious prejudice, and the Church of England does not claim the majority of his instructors. I believe his leading and principal tutor, or governor, Mr. Gibbs, is a Non conformist, and that he and all that are chosen as instructors to the royal children, have undergone the strictest and severest questioning personally by the Prince Consort and the Queen prior to their being intrusted with their duties, and after having been chosen by the learned as ornaments to learning. You must know that a leading characteristic of the Queen is her piety. It has marked her whole career.

A COOL BURGLAR.—The coolest thing of the season we have heard of, is the performance of a burglar who broke into the house of W. H. Butler, on West Madison street, a few nights since. Mrs. B. was actually awakened by a scamp who had entered through a window, bagged about $80 worth of jewelry, and aroused the sleeper in a daring attempt to softly slide the rings from her fingers. She screamed and aroused her husband, who followed the rascal; the latter, however, making his escape with the booty.—*Chicago Journal.*

ANECDOTES OF THE CENSUS.—The incidents connected with the taking of the census would fill a volume of large dimensions, could they be collected and related as they occur. In one of the wards of this city, along the river, in which quite a number of families inhabit a single tenement, a scene occurred which exhibited the desire of the person answering the questions to appear well on the record. The person interrogated was a woman, and the following answers were elicited:

Census Taker.—"You have given me the name of your husband, will you please inform me as to his business?"

Wife.—"And be sure I will, if such is your wish."

Census Taker.—"It is necessary, madam, to enable me to make up a complete return."

Wife.—"My husband is a merchant."

Census Taker.—"What kind of a merchant?" The answer rather staggering the man of pen and paper, judging from appearances.

Wife.—"A commission merchant, to be sure."

Census Taker.—Not yet quite satisfied. "What kind of a commission merchant?"

Wife.—"Why he sells oranges along the wharf on commission."

Another singular incident was the following: The census taker called at a house upon which a sign had been placed stating that the business of fashionable dress-making was carried on within. The census taker, on entering, was confronted by a man, and he proved to be the husband of the dressmaker. After all the questions had been answered as to names, ages, &c., he was asked his occupation, to which he replied, "that he was a dressmaker." The census taker informed him that he wanted his own and not his wife's occupation. The answer was as follows: "I am a dressmaker as well as my wife; she fits the dresses and I make them."

EXCITEMENT IN VIRGINIA.—WASHINGTON, July 28, 1860.—Considerable excitement prevails in Occoquan, Virginia, sixteen miles from Alexandria, in consequence of an attempt being made to demolish a liberty pole, erected by the Republicans, upon which is daily displayed a flag bearing the names of Lincoln and Hamlin. Occoquan is the residence of Mr. Underwood, who was driven out of Virginia in 1856 for attending the National Convention that nominated Fremont. He was a delegate to Chicago, and, it is said, is sustained in his course at home by about three hundred men. It is reported here that the mob is headed by the captain of a military company, who has resigned his office, and that General Hatton consented to let them have arms. The Republicans of Occoquan held a meeting on Monday night, and resolved to fortify and defend their liberty pole and flag at all hazards. They sent to Alexandria and this city for ammunition, and notified Governor Letcher of all the facts in the case, and informed him if he did not protect them they should do it themselves. He despatched a messenger last night stating that they should be protected, and ordered General Hatton to call out his command, whereupon Hatton resigned. Sixty Republicans swear to die before they surrender their liberty pole and flag.—*Herald.*

LATER—THE POLE CUT DOWN.—The N. Y. Herald has a telegraphic despatch dated the 28th which says:—Yesterday afternoon, a party of forty men, under the command of Capt. M. Fitzhugh and Major Carter, in the presence and in defiance, if not by the consent, of Governor Letcher's Prince William cavalry corps, Capt. Thornton commanding, entered the village of Occoquan, Virginia, and cut down a liberty pole erected by the Republicans, from which floated the American flag, and upon which were inscribed the names of Lincoln and Hamlin. During the time there was no interruption, save the Republicans and others who stood at corners near by would cry out, "Ain't your axe dull? Hope you're having a good time," &c. In a few minutes, however, there was a cry of "Stand from under!" and the pole came to the ground.

Instantly the crowd gave three cheers, when the Republicans responded by "Three cheers for Hamlin." All were quickly at work on the fallen pole, and it less time than it takes to tell it, was chopped up, and the pieces carried off. The flag was sent to Brentsville.

So soon as the flag pole was levelled, Capt. Fitzhugh ordered "about face," and his company marched off, saluted as they went by mingled jeers and applause.

During the evening there was some excitement, and a personal rencontre took place between Col. Brawner and Joseph T. Janney, in which the latter was considerably injured. The crowd cleared away during the evening, and at sundown all was quiet.

The Republicans say they will put up another pole on the same site. At the last accounts there was great excitement at Occoquan, and several fights had taken place.

MOVEMENTS OF THE GREAT EASTERN.—NEW YORK, July 29.—It has been decided that the Great Eastern will visit the Chesapeake. She will sail hence on the 2nd of August, and arrive at Old Point Comfort on the 3rd, and be open for the reception of visitors there on the 4th. She will from thence proceed to Annapolis Roads, where she will be exhibited from the 4th to the 10th inclusive, leaving for New York on the 11th. She will then return to this port, and sail on her return to England on the 16th of August.

☞ A silver tongue and a brazen face cover a heart of steel.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 28, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
NEW JERSEY.		LOUISIANA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
DELAWARE		OHIO.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
MARYLAND.		KENTUCKY.	
Baltimore	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	INDIANA.	
NEW YORK.		State bank	1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
MAINE.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
VERMONT		Old bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	WISCONSIN.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TEXAS.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	IOWA.	
VIRGINIA.		State bk	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis	KANSAS.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Kansas Valley bk	5 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MINNESOTA.	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Bank St. Paul	5 dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1½ dis	CANADA.	
GEORGIA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	FLORIDA.	
SOUTH CAROLINA.		State bk	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis		
ALABAMA.			
Solv bks	1 to 2 dis		

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856	—	—
" " '62	106	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	103	—
" 6 " coupon '74s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	101	10 ½
" " new	104½	105
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	78	—
" " coupon	45	50
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	65	75
" County	42	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	841	85
Tenn 6 "	811	92
" 5 " coupon	80	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	898	—
Ohio " 1858	106½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	961	90½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 6's-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	138	140
Philadelphia	118	120
Far & Mec	—	87½
Commercial	50	—
N Liberty	66	—
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	79	—
P Township	36	—
Kensington	63	—
Girard	43	43½
Western	65	—
Man & Mec	26½	27
Commerce	—	19
Tradesman's	23½	—
City	43	—
Consolidation	23½	—
Commonwealth	—	30½
Corn Exchange	25	—
Germantown	—	88
Pittsburg, Pitt'be	58	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern "	—	—
Louisville "	—	—
Farmers "	120	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	97	99
Planters "	95	100
N O Gas Light	—	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	2	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	24	25
Lehigh Zinc	—	16
New Creek	5	—
New Granada	—	5
N America Ins'co	17	20
N Libertas Gas	—	20½
Southwark and Frankford R R	—	51
Roads	92	93
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	100	100½
2nd "	93½	96
stock	40	40½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	109
stock	130½	131
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	84½	85
mort 6's '44	90	90½
" '86	73½	74
stock	24½	24½
Lehigh Valley R R		
mort 6 pr ct	94	95
stock	54	—
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	44	—
6 pr ct loan, '60	97½	98
Ches Val R R, '73	93½	—
Penn R R '75	—	88
Wil'ms & Elmira		
7's 1st mort	67	70
2nd "	10	—
stock	1	1½
Catawissa	½	1
Beaver Meadow stock	81	—
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	10½	11
6 pr ct loan	70½	71
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	—	42
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	58	—
Har & Lan R R stock	57½	58
bonds '85	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	13	14
Long Island R R stock	12½	13½
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	90½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	97½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '32	74½	75
imp. 6 pr ct	60	—
stock	10½	10½
preferred	23½	24
Lehigh Nav stock	55	56½
mort 6 pr ct	100½	—
scrip	62	62½
Morris Canal'd	84	—
preferred	117	119
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	72	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	20
Gas & Tidewater bonds, 1877	2	4
	20½	—

TO QUENCH THIRST IN SHIPWRECKS.—Nearly a hundred years ago, Dr. Lind suggested to Captain Kennedy that thirst might be quenched at sea by dipping the clothing into salt water and putting it on without ringing. Subsequently, the Captain, on being cast away, had an opportunity of making the experiment. With great difficulty he succeeded in persuading a part of the men to follow his example, and they all survived; while the men who survived, and drank salt water, became delirious and died. In addition to putting on the clothes while wet, night and morning, they may be wetted, while on, two or three times during the day. Captain Kennedy goes on to say, "After these operations we uniformly found that the violent drought went off, and the parched tongue was cured in a few minutes after bathing and washing our clothes, while we found ourselves as if we had received some actual nourishment." The bare possibility of the truth of the statement makes it an act of humanity for any paper to give it a wide publicity, since there are not many readers in a hundred who may not go to sea and get shipwrecked.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been very little movement in Flour during the past week, and the market has ruled extremely dull, the inquiry both for export and home use being of a very limited character; prices, however, show little or no alteration, and some 3000 bbls only found buyers at $5,25 for standard superfine, and $5,37½@5,50 ₱ bbl for extras. Fresh ground superfine made from new Wheat is offered at $5,37½@5,55, the latter for good straight brands, but we hear of no sales. The trade have been buying moderately within the above range of prices for superfine and extras; $5,62½@5,75 for family, and $6@6,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality; the receipts continue light. Rye Flour is generally held above the views of buyers, and selling in a small way at $3,62½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is scarce, and about 350 bbls Penna Meal sold at $3,37½ ₱ bbl.

GRAIN.—The market has been fairly supplied with new Wheat, but prices, under a limited demand both for milling and for shipment, have fallen off very considerably and rule very unsettled, for poor lots especially, which are not wanted even at very low rates; the sales comprise about 22,000 bus, mostly new Southern Red, at 110@125c for fair to prime quality, closing with a little more steadiness at 115@120c for good and prime Delaware, including White at 120@140c, as in quality, of which there is very little prime offering, and inferior to fair lots at from 85 to 105c. Rye is rather lower; small sales are reported at 78@75c for old, and 72@70c for new; the distillers are buying at the latter rate. Corn comes in slowly, and meets with a steady demand; sales of about 6000 bus Yellow are reported in small lots at 64@68c, in store and afloat, as in quality, closing at 66@67c for prime, and 65c for White. Oats have been taken quite freely at former rates, but the market at the close is less active; sales comprise about 18,000 bus at 39@40c for old Penna; 36@37c for Delaware, and 31@35c for new Oats, as in quality.

PROVISIONS.—The market for most articles under this head is firm and advancing. Of Mess Pork some further sales are reported at $19,50, and in a small way at $19,75 ₱ bbl. The stock is light and held in few hands. Nothing doing in prime. Mess Beef sells as wanted for ship stores, at $14@15 ₱ bbl. Bacon is inquired for to go South, but generally at a price below the views of holders, who are asking a further advance; some 350 casks sold, including Sides at 12@12½c, and Shoulders at 10@10½c ₱ lb. Hams range at 12@14c ₱ lb, the latter for fancy cured. Of Green Meats the stock is light and holders firm at 11½@11½c for Sides, and 9½@9½c for Shoulders, in salt, with sales of 400 casks at the former rates. Lard is steady at the advance, holders asking 13½c for tes and 13½@14c for kegs, with small sales. Butter moves off slowly at 10@11c for packed. Cheese is quiet, New York selling in a small way at 10@10½c ₱ lb. Eggs are more plenty, and selling at 11@12c ₱ doz.

COTTON.—The advices from abroad are rather more favorable for this staple, and with very light receipts and a reduced stock to operate in, holders have put up their prices ½@¾c ₱ lb since the close of last week. The demand, however, is moderate, and the sales reach about 1200 bales at from 7 to 13½c, cash and 4 mos, for inferior to middling and middling fair quality.

BARK.—Quercitron is arriving slowly, and all offered sold at $28 for best No 1, which is a further advance; some sales of a better brand have also been made at a higher figure. Tanners' Bark is unchanged and selling at $12@13 for Spanish, and $10@10½ ₱ cord for Chestnut Oak.

BEESWAX is wanted, and good yellow readily commands 34@35c ₱ lb.

COAL.—Orders are not so plenty, and the market is less active at the advance noticed last week; the scarcity of vessels also has a tendency to limit operations in Anthracite Coal, which is firmly held.

COFFEE.—The market is buoyant and very active at a considerable improvement in prices, and some 3500 bags good Rio sold from a cargo just in at 15½c, on the usual terms.

COPPER continues dull, and the sales are confined to Yellow Metal, which is steady at 20c, on time.

FEATHERS continue scarce and high, and good Western sell in a small way at 51@52c ₱ lb.

FRUIT.—Green Fruit is coming in more freely, and sales of Apples are making at $1,50@2,50 ₱ bbl, and Peaches at $1@2 ₱ basket, as in quality.

HIDES.—The market continues depressed and drooping, and no arrivals or sales have come under our notice to alter quotations, which are nearly nominal.

HOPS are dull, and moving off in lots as wanted at 9@14c ₱ lb for eastern and western.

IRON.—There is no new feature in the trade, and a small business doing in pig metal at $23 for Anthracite No 1; $22 for No. 2, and $20½ for No. 3, on time. Scotch pig also moves off as wanted at quotations. Nothing doing in blooms or boiler plates worthy of note. In bars and rails the sales are moderate, including 1000 tons of the latter at $47 cash. Nails are dull.

LEAD is rather firmer, but no further sales have been made public this week.

LEATHER.—There is more steadiness in the market, and rather more doing, partly to go east at about previous quoted rates.

LUMBER continues dull, but without any quotable change to note in the price of white or yellow pine boards. Laths and Shingles are steady, and further sales of the former are reported at $1,62½ ₱ M.

MOLASSES.—Prime is scarce and held above the views of buyers, with a small business doing. Other kinds are neglected, and the only sale we hear of is a cargo of Cardenas at 23c, usual credit.

PLASTER.—Some further arrivals and sales are reported at $2 62½@$2 75 ₱ ton.

SEEDS.—There is little or no Cloverseed offering, and prime seed is wanted; some small sales are reported at $5,25@5,50 ₱ bus. Of Timothy sales are making at $4,25 ₱ bus. Domestic Flaxseed is steady at $1,62 ₱ bus, and but little coming in.

SPIRITS.—The demand for both Brandy and Gin is limited, but prices, especially of the former, are very firm. N. E. Rum sells as wanted, at 35@38c. Whiskey has been selling moderately at 21@22c for barrels—the latter for prime Western and prison; 20c for drudge, and 21c for hogsheads.

SUGARS.—With an active demand, both from the trade and the refiners, holders have realised rather better prices this week, the sales reaching some 1600 hogsheads, at 7@7½c for Cuba, and 7½@8½c for Porto Rico, on time. Refined Sugars continue in good demand.

TOBACCO is unchanged, and about the usual business doing in Leaf and Manufactured, mostly to supply the trade.

TALLOW is quiet, and city is selling at wanted at 10c ₱ lb.

WOOL.—The receipts have fallen off somewhat, but the market is more active, and holders are very firm in their views; the week's sales comprise about 200,000 lbs in lots, at from 40c up to 60, net, for common to full blood and fine fleece, including 54,000 lbs fine Washington county clips at 53c ₱ lb.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

July 28.—FLOUR heavy; sales of 900 bbls. Wheat dull; 1800 bus sold; prices nominally unchanged; Milwaukee about 121c; white Western 135c. Corn buyant; supply scarce; mixed 61@62c. Pork dull; $18,37@19,25 for Mess; $12,75@14,25 for Prime. Lard firm at 12½@13½c. Whiskey dull.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1703 head. The prices ranged from $7,50 to 9 ₱ 100 lbs. Cows—65 head sold from $25 to 50. 1260 head were sold at $7,75 to 8,37 ₱ 100 lbs. Sheep—10,000 head sold at from 8 to 8½ ₱ lb.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A. HUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

TESTIMONIALS FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES

BARRRIE BURNHAM, July 26, 1858.

Messrs. P. Davis & Son:—Your valuable Pain Killer has gained a high reputation among all classes in this province, and there is great demand for it here. Some who praise it highly have requested me to write you for a supply. * * If, therefore you will send the 600 bottles you will confer a great favor upon me, and especially upon the Karens. I will pay you through the treasurer of our society. Sincerely yours,

Rev. J. S BEECHER, Missionary.

Thomas S. Ranney, writing from Rangoon, Burmah, December 19, 1856, says:—"It is becoming more popular, and in several instances I am assured that the cholera has been arrested and life preserved by its use. The late prevalence of cholera here has swept off about all the Pain Killer I had, and purchasers looking to me for a supply will be disappointed in my ability to supply them. Please send me an invoice of $150 worth by the first opportunity."

CAPE TOWN, Africa, Jan. 28, 1856.

Messrs P. Davis & Son—Dear Sirs:

The Pain Killer, we are happy to say, is getting in good repute here, and its good qualities are being appreciated. Lately we have a great demand for the article, and confidently anticipate a large trade in the Pain Killer.

BORRODAILE, THOMPSON, HALL & CO.

Later from Australia

MELBOURNE, Australia, May 14, 1858.

Messrs. P. Davis & Son—Gents:

* * * The "S. H. Talbot," with 54 boxes and the "State of Maine," with 48 boxes of your valuable Pain Killer have arrived, and the Pain Killer is sold at 10s per dozen. Neither of the lots are landed yet, but we hope they will be in time for us to forward you account sales and remittance by this mail. These two shipments are divided among four different buyers, two of whom would each have taken the whole 102 boxes if we would allow it. This is the best comment we can make on your Pain Killer. Send us frequent shipments. ***

NEWELL, HOOPER & STEVENS.

For sale by all Medicine Dealers.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Friends' Meeting, on 4th-day, 4th mo., 5th, JOSEPH B. WISTAR, of Salem, N. J. to ANNIE A. BROWN, daughter of Jas. Brown, of the former place.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JOHN H. MOORE, to Miss ADELAIDE CHAIN.

On the 11th ultimo, 1860, by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr DAVID HERRMANN, to Miss ANNA E. MERWINE, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. THOMAS FEALDS, to Mrs. SARAH A. JONES, both of this city.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. J. C. Clay, D. D., Mr. ROBERT ANDERSON, to Miss CHRISTINA BORN, both of this city.

On May 30th, by the Rev. A. A. Willits, Dr. J. M. BOSSOT, of this city, to Miss LIZZIE BURR, of New York city.

On the 23d ultimo, by the Rev. Francis Church, Mr. DAVID LENNOX, of New Jersey, to Miss ANNIE KINDER, of this city.

In Camden, N. J., July 22d, by the Rev. G. G. Ferguson, Mr. ALLEN SAUNDERS, to Mrs. MARY W. COOK, all of Camden.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Wylie, THOMAS MEEHAN, to Miss ANNIE J. HOLME, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Seventh mo., 25th, at Long Branch, N. J., MARGARET S. PARRISH, daughter of Geo. D. and Sarah L. Parrish, in her 3d year.

At Burlington, N. J., July 25th, the Rev. COURTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER, D. D. in his 53d year.

On the 24th ultimo, JOHN B. BERNADOU, in his 80th year.

On the 20th ultimo, Mrs. CHRISTIAN RIGDEN, in her 89th year.

On the 23d ultimo, after a lingering illness, SUSAN TAUMAN, in her 73d year.

On Sunday evening, the 22d ultimo, after a long and protracted illness, DAVID G. WILSON, in his 56th year.

On the 22d ultimo, EDMUND DOWNING, in his 24th year.

On the 22d ultimo, after a short illness, JOHN DRUMMOND, in his 56th year.

On Saturday evening, July 21st, PALMER FARR, in his 41st year.

On the 23d ultimo, AGNES ELIZABETH, daughter of Chas. and Jane E. Fisher, aged 21 years.

On first-day, the 22d ultimo, WILLIAM L. son of Abraham W. and Letitia G. Haines, in her 23d year.

On the 23d ultimo, of inflammation of the brain, Mr. JESSE HALLOWELL, bricklayer, in his 63d year.

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RAT

Wit and Humor.

A HARD WITNESS.

The following dialogue, which occurred several years ago, between a lawyer and a witness, in a justice's court not a great many thousand miles from this place, is worth relating:

It seems that Mr. Jones loaned Mr. Smith a horse, which died while in his (Smith's) possession. Mr. Jones brought suit to recover the value of the horse, attributing his death to bad treatment. During the course of the trial, a witness (Mr. Brown) was called to testify as to how Mr. Smith treated horses.

Lawyer (with a bland and confidence-invoking smile)—Well, sir, how does Mr. Smith generally ride a horse?

Witness (with a very merry twinkle in his eye, otherwise imperturbable)—A straddle, I believe, sir.

Lawyer (with a scarcely perceptible flush of vexation upon his cheek, but still speaking in his smoothest tones)—But, sir, what gait does he ride?

Witness—He never rides any gates, sir. His boys ride all the gates.

Lawyer (his bland smile gone, and his voice slightly husky)—But how does he ride when in company with others?

Witness—Keeps up, if his horse is able; if not, he goes behind.

Lawyer (triumphantly, and in perfect fury)—How does he ride when alone, sir?

Witness—Don't know—never was with him alone.

Lawyer—I have done with you, sir.

This last remark of the disciple of Blackstone, was given in that peculiarly fearful whisper, indicative of suddenly checked and temporarily subdued anger and mortification—anger at the imperturbation and knavery of the witness, and mortification at his total failure to elicit anything beneficial to his client. He continues to aver, with many emphatic expletives, that Brown is the greatest scoundrel alive, and hasn't sense enough to answer a plain question correctly.

NOT VERY COMPLIMENTARY.—"The Globe Hotel," Watertown, in the Empire State, opens upon both Court and Arsenal streets. In former times it was kept by Mandeville. Mandeville, although not old, was almost entirely bald; and one day, sitting in the bar-room, with his hat on his knee, a farmer entered with blackberries to sell. The price asked was five cents, but all Mandeville offered was four, which the farmer refusing to take, went out. Going up Court street, the blackberry man turned round into Arsenal street, and stumbling along, made his way into the "Globe" again. Mandeville, meantime, had put his hat on his head, and there was a man much younger in appearance. Going up, the farmer again bantered him to buy his berries. Mandeville inquired the price. "Waal," said the farmer, "there's an old bald-headed cuss round there, offered me four cents, and if you want um for that you may have um." It is needless to say that Mandeville never heard the last of the "old bald-headed cuss."

AN AWKWARD BLUNDER.—It is reported of Father Richard, a Catholic priest who lived some years since, in Cass county, Michigan, that he occasionally made some ludicrous mistakes in the use of English, notwithstanding he was an excellent linguist and otherwise distinguished for his superior scholarship. One day when the Father had selected as his text the words of Jesus—"*I am the good Shepherd*"—he strongly insisted that what was true of the blessed Saviour in his time, was still true of every faithful pastor. "I am your Shepherd," said he; and then, proceeding with more reason than caution to what doubtless appeared to be a logical and inevitable conclusion, he added, "*and ye are my mutton!*" It is said that this argument of the good Father caused a peculiar sensation among the lambs of the flock, and that several old sheep, (who had been *closely sheared,*) looked round to see if the *door of the fold* was open.

SO PASSES LIFE.—Many years since, a prominent member of an old Presbyterian Church in Salem gave a clock to the society, to be put up on the gallery, fronting the minister. Upon the dial of this clock was this classic motto—"Sic Transit Vitæ." The good donor, after learning from a man of letters the interpretation of this sentence, gave verbal orders to a painter to letter the translation upon a pannel, or scroll, and affix it beneath the clock. But what was the astonishment of the congregation, the next Sunday, to see, instead of the significant words, "So passes Life," which the clock donor spoke hurriedly, when he gave the artist the order, rendered and emblazoned in large capitals, thus—"Soap. Asses. Life!"

PRESIDENT KIRKLAND'S THREE RULES.—During his administration at Cambridge, one who was very grateful for the honorary title of D. D. expressed his thanks for the honor, and inquired what were the rules or principles by which they were conferred. Dr. Kirkland replied, "We have three *rules*:

"We confer the degree sometimes on those who merit it, but we rarely have an opportunity:

"The more numerous class comes under the second *rule*—those who want it:

"But it is most frequently conferred under our third *rule*—to those who need it."

A MOVING SPEECH.—A pious brother, before an Association, a few years since, made the following speech:

"I would urge upon you, brethren, the taking of the Western Recorder." Turning to the delegation from a church in Tennessee: "And you, brethren, ought to take it, too, as the interests of the Church in Kentucky and Tennessee are very closely allied, and will become much more so upon the completion of the Danville and McMinnville Railroad, which I pray may not be long, as I have about fifteen thousand dollars involved in that enterprise!"

GENTLEMEN OF HIM SEX.—What did you say was the principle of the *marescope*?

Alfred.—Why, it makes two people into one.

Best and brightest (innocently.)—What a delightful invention!

NOT SO GREEN AT THAT.—A gentleman born and bred in Cheapside, London, was lately invited to visit a friend in the agricultural districts. The rural aspect of the place amused and charmed him; still, he had brought away from the city his full share of suspicion, and the answers that he received to some of his inquiries really did seem so wonderful that he began to suspect he was being "chaffed." At last they approached a meadow, in which was standing a glorious crop of hay. The cockney gazed at it wonderingly. It wasn't grass, it wasn't wheat, it wasn't turnip tops.

"Why, whatever do you call this stuff?" said he to his companion.

"That! why, hay, to be sure," was the reply.

"Hay!—ha! ha!—come, that's cutting it a little *too* thick. If that's *hay*, just show me the *hay-corns*, come, now!"

NEW USE OF THE MOSQUITO BAR.—"Gosh!" said Johnny Spooner, the other morning to the clerk at Lovejoy's "that sheeter net o' yourn a first rate article, I kin tell yeou." "Glad to hear it," said the clerk, "we always like to know that our customers are pleased." "I just pulled up one corner of the net, and waited till more'n half a gross of the peaky critters had piled down on me, when I let go, and catched the whole of the infernal cantankerous crew." "Caught the mosquitoes!" said the astonished clerk. "Wal, I jest didn't do no thin' else, ole fellar. I'm about as quick on the trigger as any of your town folks, I kalkerlate. They bit me from one eend to the other during the night, but I fixed their flints for 'em in the morning. I'm jest going out to buy one of the musketer traps. Great things for ketchin' that kind of varmint."

WHAT INTELLIGENT ORIENTALS THINK OF POLYGAMY.—I have availed myself of such opportunities as I have had to learn from intelligent Orientals themselves, their views as to the comparative influences of polygamy and monogamy upon domestic happiness; and the result has been most favorable to that policy consecrated by Christian laws and Christian usages, by which one man and one woman are exclusively bound together by the marital link, and the children only of such marriages deemed to be the legitimate descendants of their parents. One of the most cultivated Turks I have ever known—a man occupying at the present moment one of the highest positions in the Ottoman empire, and well acquainted with other nations as well as his own—assured me that he had confined his attentions to the lady whom he had selected for his wife, as the best means of securing his own felicity. She was a beautiful Circassian slave, for whom he had paid a high price: he had her instructed in various Oriental languages, so that she talked readily Turkish, Arabic, and Persian. She had visited the holy cities of Mekka and Medina, and was well red in the Koran and in the doctrines and rites of Islamism. He told me I was not to suppose she was free from a woman's weaknesses; and assured me that at different times he had adorned her person with diamond necklaces, diamond bracelets, diamond anklets—ay, and even, said he, "presented her with a diamond girdle for her waist." He said she was a tender and a loving wife and mother: but though I did insinuate that it would gratify me much to be introduced to so meritorious a lady, I received little encouragement, and had never the privilege of setting eyes upon the wife of my illustrious friend, notwithstanding a long and close intimacy.—*Sir John Bowring.*

AN AMERICAN REMAR.—A correspondent of the *New York Times*, writing from West Point, says:—

"Col. Delafield has within the past year caused the old Fort Clinton, which stood on what is now the plateau at the Point, to be reconstructed on its original tracing. The order book of Washington, which is in the possession of Prof. Weir, contains the instructions according to which the fort was built by Kosciusko, and these have been faithfully followed for a second time; and, strange to say, the resemblance between the Fort Clinton constructed in the time of our Revolution and the Redan at Sebastopol almost amounts to exactness. The parapet of the Redan was eighteen inches higher, but no other material difference can be remarked. This singular circumstance indicates how little progress in the art of fortification has been made in the last three quarters of a century; since the most important and most famous fort of this day—that which so long withstood the combined attacks of two of the finest armies in the world—presents no improvement on the plan of one built in the time of the American revolution."

PLATINUM WIRE.—Dr. Wollaston obtained very fine platinum wire for the object-glasses of his telescopes, for observing the relative places of the stars, by inserting platinum wire in a cylinder of silver, wire drawing the whole, and then melting the silver costing. Now silver wire may be drawn to the three hundredth of an inch diameter; so that if the platinum wire was originally one-tenth of the thickness of the silver, it then became only the three thousandth of an inch. Dr. Wollaston procured some only an eighteen thousandth, which did not intercept the smallest star. Very fine platinum wire is also employed as a substitute for hair in making forensic wigs. It is calculated that a piece of platinum the size of the tip of a man's finger could be drawn out across Europe.—*Timbs's "Curiosities of Science."*

A WORD FOR THE LADIES.—When I think of what a terrible struggle existence is to women who have not the protection of a father or husband interposed between them and the raging battle of life, I can scarcely venture to censure the young ladies, who are ever on the outlook for a good match, with any degree of acrimony. Who can tell what the secret history of their homes may be? What are the scenes of domestic broil to which they are daily and reluctant witnesses?—how are they not worried and baited by their very mothers to make a successful foray upon eider-son-dom? A London ball room, where the young ladies are busily engaged in "getting on," is, however, a curious scene enough to a philosophic eye.

A PICTURE FOR THE INTEMPERATE.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—"Now, sir, step in and have your likeness taken. It might be useful to your family!"

EARLY STRUGGLES OF WOMEN.

Marriage is a woman's profession. We have had impressive biographies by the cart-load, in which we are informed how Lord Eldon, Benjamin Franklin, and other worthies have "got on" in the world. Each of these contains a chapter entitled "Early Struggles." Now I should like to see a true and honest biography of Miss Jane Smith who was so pretty, and had not a penny, and who was worried by her mamma, and teased by her ugly cousins; how hard she practised, how industriously she danced, how ingeniously she contrived to make her few *chiffons* do duty over and over again, like a regiment of stage soldiers. She slew many victims, you will say, in the course of her triumphant career. Perhaps Jane Smith did so—so did Napoleon Buonaparte. But Jane was only solving the subsistence question, whilst the stern Corsican was engaged in cutting throats for glory. The poverty-stricken moths who came fluttering round that clear, brilliant taper which was known to mortals in ball-rooms as "Jane Smith," danced round her at their own proper peril. If they singed their wings it was their own affair. Before they took the matter in hand they knew perfectly well that J. S. had not one penny—neither had they. She is now not a little inclined to embonpoint, and is the honored and sentimental wife of Lewis Pimento, Esq., Molasses Lodge, Barnes Common, and recommends her young friends never to listen to any voice, but the voice of the heart. J. S., however, has "got on." Such a biography as the one indicated would be exceedingly difficult of execution, it would require a woman to feel it, and a man to write it.

SULTAN MAHMOUD'S OPINION.—With the late Sultan Mahmoud the reform question in the East doubtless originated. As that energetic sovereign was the first, so he was certainly the most thoroughly earnest reformer Turkey has ever known; yet, so far was he from being sanguine as to the success of his efforts to revive the Ottoman power, that on his death bed he uttered these remarkable words: "When the herbs revealed their medicinal properties to Lockman, none of them said, 'I have power to cure a corpse.' Sultan Mahmoud is another Lockman, and the Empire is a corpse."

☞ We may owe it to our enemies to forgive; we owe it to ourselves not to forget.

Agricultural.

BLACKBERRY WINE AND VINEGAR.

The importance to our country, in a moral as well as economical point of view, of the production of a cheap domestic wine, is universally admitted. Great efforts have been and are still being made to introduce varieties of grape, that will be likely to supply this want. I have no disposition to disparage these efforts or the value of the grape, but it is nevertheless the fact, that the fruit for the manufacture of a good, cheap, domestic table wine, for the use of "the million," and of which every family in the country may have a barrel, grows under everybody's nose—and is the despised blackberry. This common fruit is in fact a member of the grape family, and though it has long been considered a sort of vagrant and its education has been very much neglected, we are beginning to find out that, with any kind of decent treatment, it will exhibit as good "blood" and make as good wine as any of its more fashionable relatives. The attention of the readers of the Valley Farmer has been called to this subject before, but it is of sufficient interest to bear a repetition, for the benefit of those who have not yet tried the experiment. Those who have, will be pretty sure to repeat it during the present season without any reminder.

THE WINE MAY BE MADE AS FOLLOWS:

The blackberry contains a very large quantity of juice, but it is contained in numerous small cells, all of which must be broken in order to effect its perfect liberation. This may be done by rubbing the berries in a tub with a wooden pestle, if no better means are at hand, though a wine press might no doubt be used to great advantage. The berries should be ripe, fresh and clean to make the nicest product.

Take them as many ripe, fresh and clean blackberries as you please, and, as fast as you rub them up so as to break the cells, throw them into a vat or tub of sufficient size to hold all you propose to use at one time. When they are thus prepared, add to the whole mass the quantity of sugar you intend to use. Ordinary brown sugar will do very well, and the proportions may be from half a pound to two pounds for each gallon of berries. If you desire a very light wine of the claret order, use very little sugar—if a stronger, heavier-bodied wine, use more; but be careful not to use too much, or you will have a supply of cordial and not wine. According to my experience two pounds is the extreme limit. It is very probable a good light wine may be made without any sugar at all, but this I have not tried.

Having mixed the sugar with the berries, then add for each gallon of berries, one quart of boiling water, and stir the whole well together. The heat thus communicated to the mass will cause a fermentation to commence without the use of yeast or any other substance whatever. After standing about twenty-four hours, the seeds and skins will most of them rise to the top and may be skimmed off, and the clear liquid may be drawn off into the casks or other vessels destined to receive it.

The vessels containing the wine should now be removed into a cool cellar as nearly as may be, and nothing remains to be done but to allow the vinous fermentation to go through its regular course. This it will do in the course of three or four weeks, and the vessels may then be stoppered or bunged up. I have lost two five gallon demijohns by putting in the stoppers too soon. They exploded and went to pieces.

Wine made in this way will keep well without bottling. Any family, therefore, that can have access to berries (and almost every farmer's family can obtain them) may have a five, ten, or forty gallon cask of excellent wine—worth ten times the same quantity of cider, and a great deal better than the foreign wines which cost them from one to two and three dollars the gallon—at a very small cost of money and labor.

But this is not all: they may also have,

PLENTY OF CAPITAL VINEGAR.

Do not throw away the seeds and skins after drawing off the must. Pour warm water over these until they are entirely covered, and let them stand in an open vessel three or four days. Then draw off the liquid and let that stand until the acetous fermentation takes place. A small quantity of coarse sugar or molasses will hasten the process. In this way a most excellent article of wine vinegar may be obtained; and those who have used the delectable stuff commonly sold by the grocers under the name of vinegar, will consider the quantity thus obtained from the blackberries worth more than the cost of all the materials used for making both the wine and the vinegar.

I do not mean to say that the foregoing methods are the best for managing the blackberry. On the contrary I have only made some rough and rather careless experiments. But I do say good wine and good vinegar can be thus made. It is quite probable better methods may be discovered. I trust there may be.—A. M. S., *in Valley Farmer.*

New Albany, Ind.

COLIC IN HORSES.—A correspondent of the Farmer's Advocate, (E. S. Phelps, Jr.,) gives the following recipe for colic in horses:

"I knew a horse taken with colic while on a tread wheel to a carding machine, so that the owner thought he could not live. He got three veterinary surgeons, and they did what they could, and all decided the horse must die. The man's wife, who believed and practiced hygiene, from the time the horse was taken, tried to persuade her husband to use a wet bandage, but he insisted it would do no good. After all had given up that the horse could no longer live, by her entreaties, (the doctor saying it could do no good or hurt,) he took a thick bed-comforter, bound it around the horse, went to the well and drew water, and poured it on till thoroughly soaked. It steamed like a pot boiling. In less than fifteen minutes from the time he commenced the watering process the horse was up and eating, to the great surprise of the horse doctor, who knew he could not live. The horse did good service afterwards. This recipe I gave several years ago, and it was copied into most—as I was told by an editor—of the agricultural, and many other papers of the United States. Many have tried and proved it. Try it, brother farmer.

STRAWBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES.

Mr. R. G. Pardee, of New York, says:—

First of all, we have a word of warning to those disposed to manure this plant freely.

For many years, the lecturer failed of a crop, through overfeeding. Now he tills with little trouble and a large yield. He would choose a fine, gravelly loam; underdrain, leaving the drain ends open, to circulate air; pulverize deep, and if possible bring 10 per cent. of the soil to the fineness of superfine flour; manure with 30 bushels per acre of unleached ashes, and 12 bushels of lime slacked with water holding in solution 3 bushels of salt; and he would preferably transplant in the spring. He would water freely, save during the flowering and ripening periods. Planting in soil ⅔ river sand, and ⅓ woods mold, the plant is dwarfed, and the growth of runners being prevented, the strawberry becomes ever-bearing. These views are the results of experience.

Of raspberries, few persons have ever seen a first-rate one. The gardeners about our cities do not succeed in growing them to perfection. This fruit likes a moist, cool situation, such as the north slope of a hill, or the north side of a fence. The soil should be made very fine and very rich; you cannot overfeed the raspberry. The strawberry has a multitude of fine fibrous roots, and as it grows little woody fibre it requires little manure; the raspberry, on the contrary, produces considerable wood, and as it has few fibrous roots with which to take up nourishment, these should be well supplied. Plant the canes about four feet apart, and cut them to within one foot of the ground. At the time of planting, stake with strong stakes.

The cranberry, on bog lands, to which a dressing of sand has been added, should give 50 bushels per acre the first year after planting, 150 bushels the next, and so on up to 450 bushels, as a maximum.

MAKING HENS LAY.—A lady correspondent of the N. E. Farmer, writing from Kansas, tells the following original method of securing this desirable end:

"After breakfast, I was surprised to see my landlady go out, and catching her hens, tie each one's legs together and throw them upon the ground with, 'there, be good.' 'What do you do that for?' I asked. 'To make 'em lay,' she answered. 'Make them lay, will that do it?' I inquired. 'La, yes,' she said, 'didn't you ever hearn tell of that before?' I confessed that I had not. In about an hour she went out, and picking up the hens, sure enough, some had laid; those she let go, and they ran off, not even cackling their gratitude. But those hens who seemed disposed to be contrary, she struck on the back, saying, 'You'd better lay, you'd better lay, for you won't go till you do,' and in a while, they, too, had recompensed their mistress for feeding them so bountifully. She says that she does so every morning, and that the hens know well enough that 'they have got to lay.'"

LAND MEASURE.—Every farmer should have a good measure, a light stiff pole, just sixteen and a half feet long, for measuring land. By a little practice he can learn to step a rod in five steps, which will answer very well for ordinary farm work. Ascertain the number of rods in width and length of a lot you want to measure, and multiply one into the other, and divide by one hundred and sixty, and you have the number of acres, as one hundred and sixty square rods make a square acre. If you wish to lay off an acre square, measure thirteen rods on each side, and you have the thing very near.

Useful Receipts.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS OF GOOD SOAP FOR $1,30.—Take 6 lbs. of potash, 75 cts.: 4 lbs. of lard, 50 cts.: a quarter of a pound of resin, 5 cts. Beat up the resin, mix all together well, and set aside for five days; then put the whole into a ten-gallon cask of warm water, and stir twice a day for ten days, at the expiration of which time you will have 100 lbs. of excellent soap.

TO DESTROY FLIES.—To one pint of milk add a quarter pound of raw sugar, and two ounces of ground pepper; simmer them together eight or ten minutes, and place it about in shallow dishes. The flies attack it greedily, and are soon suffocated. By this method, kitchens, &c., may be kept clear of flies all summer without the danger attending poison. It is easily tried.

HARD BUTTER WITHOUT ICE.—To have delightfully hard butter in summer, without ice, the following plan is recommended by the Scientific American: Put a trivet, or any open flat thing with legs, in a saucer; put on this trivet the plate of butter; fill the saucer with water; turn a common flower-pot upside down over the butter, so that its edge shall be within the saucer and under the water; plug the hole of the flower-pot with a cork, then drench the flower pot with water; set in a cool place until morning, or if done at breakfast the butter will be very hard by supper time.

GINGER BEER.—I will give you my way of making small beer that is the right kind of beer, in answer to an inquiry by "A Subscriber."

Take 8 gallons of warm water and 1 gallon of New Orleans molasses, and a small handful of hops, and boil them in a gallon and a-half of water, and strain it in with the other warm water. Then take two large tablespoonfuls of good ginger, and put it in and mix it right well, and then put in two tablespoonfuls of good cream tartar. Next put in 1½ gallons of good yeast, and mix it all well, and let it stand for six or eight hours, or rather till it has worked a good scum over the top. Take a clean cloth and wash it in warm water, and wring the water out and lay it in a colander and strain carefully; bottle and cork and tie up so that the strings will make a cross on the top of the cork. Set the bottles out in the hot sun for two hours, and then put them in a good cold cellar or spring house, and let it get one day old, and then you will have good beer.

Skim before you strain; also, before you put the ginger and molasses, and the cream tartar and yeast in your water, make it a little cool, a little more than milk warm, but no warmer, or else it will kill your ingredients.—*Country Gentleman.*

The Riddler.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 1, 23, 25, 14, 20, 32, was an ancient weight.
My 2, 5, 10, 17, the Christian will find when he gets to heaven.
My 3, 32, 14, 6, 27, 8, 32, 11, is from everlasting to everlasting.
My 4, 20, 24, 11, is a beautiful flower spoken of in Scripture.
My 5, 31, 27, is an ancient city.
My 6, 5, 10, 30, 28, 12, is a book in the New Testament.
My 7, 14, 23, 28, 16, is a consequence of sin.
My 9, 26, 26, 30, 8, is a mount mentioned in the Scripture.
My 13, 24, 15, 14, is the fruit of experience.
My 18, 11, 14, is a well-known species of grain.
My 19, 17, 15, 23, 6, 32, is what Christ shall say to the wicked at the last day.
My 21, 23, 32, 30, 26, is our greatest enemy.
My 22, 30, 18, 14, is an animal spoken of in Scripture.
My 29, 8, 12, 7, 5, 10, is better than riches.

My whole is a beautiful saying of the Psalmist.

WM. T. TOTTEN.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 15, 10, 17, 13, 21, 26, is a city in Greece.
My 14, 1, 19, 7, 18, 10, is a precious stone.
My 8, 12, 22, 23, 18, is an imaginary being.
My 2, 24, 9, 13, is a flower.
My 25, 6, 13, 20, 16, 1, is a short sleep taken in the afternoon.
My 4, 11, is an interjection.
My 5, 15, 10, 17, 26, are used by masons.

My whole is an old saying. W. H. F.

New York.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 1, 10, 14, 8, 13, was a city of my 10, 11, 5, 14.
My 2, 5, 7, 17, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 3, 5, 7, 15, 14, is a Latin preposition.
My 4, 12, 2, 13, 10, was an eminent German critic and scholar.
My 5, 11, 10, 15, was a Jewish measure.
My 6, 15, 16, 5, 13, is a degree of nobility.
My 7, 12, 15, 11, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.
My 8, 14, 5, 13, was a King of Judah.
My 9, 15, 2, 11, 13, was the greatest musical genius the world ever produced.
My 10, 8, 16, is part of my 9, 12, 15, 11.
My 11, 7, 8, 3, 1, 5, 13, was an English poet of the 17th century.
My 12, 8, 16, 1, 4, is one of the planets.
My 13, 10, 16, 5, was a Roman Emperor.
My 14, 12, 3, 3, 8, is the birthplace of Mohammed.
My 15, 14, 5, 2, is a city in China.
My 16, 9, 5, 13, 12, is a river in France.
My 17, 8, 13, 10, was an illustrious American navigator.

My whole was an eminent astronomer, and his native country. MYLIO.

East Liverpool, O.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 6, 5, 8, 9, is used in fencing.
My 4, 8, 1, 7, 5, 4, 4, 9, 7, is a tropical plant.
My 9, 8, 9, 6, is not believed.
My 5, 4, 4, 5, 8, 7, 9, is clothing.
My 4, 5, 8, 6, is a couple.
My 9, 8, 4, is part of the face.
My 6, 2, 4, 7, is a line.
My 2, 4, 7, 3, is not shut.

Oak Hill, Va. EDWARD.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is an interjection;
My second is an exclamation;
My third is a production.
My whole is a valuable study.

Madison Co., N. Y. MAP.

CHARADE.

My first is formal and precise;
My second has been called a queen;
My whole, a simple flowret, lies
Upon the mead, and scarcely seen.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain man has a small piece of land, in a circular form, consisting of two acres, which is inclosed by a wall. Now what must be the length of the rope that will admit his horse to graze on one acre outside of the wall. The rope being fastened to the nose of the horse, and (in a stationary manner) to the wall? A solution is requested.

Upper Mt. Bethel. JAS. F. FESS.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a conical vessel which is 33 inches in diameter at the top, and 1 part filled with water. Now if a perfectly smooth sphere of 15 inches diameter be let fall into this vessel, it will raise the water to a greater height than any other sized sphere will. Required the depth of the vessel?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is T like an amphibious animal? Ans.—Because it is found both in earth and water.

☞ When was B the first letter in the alphabet? Ans.—In the days of no a (Noah.)

☞ What trees are those which, after being burnt, are exactly what they were before? Ans.—Ashes.

☞ What is that which can be *right* but never wrong? Ans.—An angle.

☞ What is that which ladies look for but never wish to find? Ans.—A hole in their stocking.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA—Ibhar also, and Elishua and Nepheg and Japhia. CHARADE—Thousand. PROBLEM—Height of higher tower 84 feet. Height of lower tower 60 feet. Distance apart 160 feet.

☞ Many a sweetly-fashioned mouth has been disfigured and made hideous by the fiery tongue within it.